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Original Poetry.

THE "EARLY CALLED."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY ISABEL ATHELWOOD.

The following lines were suggested by the death of a lovely infant, the only remaining child of his parents. Scarce a year has passed, since the first-born was missed from amid the household idols. And again death has entered the little circle, and kissed the white brow of the fairest youngest one. A little while these sweet angels stooped to earth, then with unsullied wings flew back to make Heaven more beautiful.

Bend lightly, o'er the marble clay,
Hushed in that holy sleep,
Bend lightly, lest you break the watch
That God's sweet angels keep.
And gentle be the last fond clasp,
And soft the lingering kiss,
You would not ask the "early called"
From Heaven's new-found bliss?

They tell me thou wast beautiful
When death had kissed thy brow,
I know thou art more beautiful
Before thy Saviour now,
That thy golden hair is gleaming,
Beneath a starry crown,
And thy azure eyes are beaming
Celestial beauty down.

Sleep, sleep, we would not break thy rest
To call thee from the skies,
Nor ask thee from thy Saviour's breast,
Where thy young head now lies.
We know that thou art blessed, so blessed
Before thy father's face,
That it were sin to wish thee back,
From thy sweet resting place.

Scarce had the first, fair lily bud
Bowed its young head and died,
When they were call'd to lay thee, too,
Sweet Willie, by her side.
Scarce had the low wail changed to joy,
Scarce were the warm tears dried,
With that pale face in mem'ry yet—
And thou, and thou hadst died.

Twin blossoms are ye two in Heaven,
Twin angels round the throne—
We bless thee, Father, for these gifts,
Yet were they all thy own.
And 'mid the angel bands above,
That gather at thy feet,
Say, shall we know the loved and lost
Master, when we shall meet?

Tread lightly, that you wake them not,
Sleepers beneath the sod—
Tread lightly, but you may not call
The spirit from its God.
Pure, pure and stainless in their morn
The beautiful we've given,
Sweet lambs within the Saviour's fold,
Twin angels unto Heaven.

Frankford, Pa.

Original Sketch.

HOW AUNT MARGARET
Came to be an Old Maid.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Girls," cried Miss Margaret Manners, pushing open the door of a parlor in which sat two elegant young ladies, each perusing her volume with bright eyes moistened with the dew of sympathy. "Girls, I wish you would come to my chamber, and assist me in my sewing this afternoon."

"Oh, dear, Aunt Margaret," murmured the younger of the two, "it is wholly impossible for Evelyn and I to forego our reading—these novels are so very affecting, and I am in the most deeply interesting part of my volume. I am sure that if you would read it, it would force even you to weep."

"No, Angeline, it would not. I have no tears to spare to fiction while there is so much real misery in the world."

"Dear aunt, you have so little sensibility."

"Very little, I confess, to imaginary sorrows."

"But this might all be reality. There is no improbability in the story."

"And if it were real, Angeline, and told to you in a plain unembellished manner, do you think you should weep over it?"

"Now, aunt, you are too bad—but you know that only a refined and highly susceptible spirit, is capable of such intensity of suffering."

"Pshaw! These sufferings are all romance—but poor widow Brown's children are actually suffering for want of clothing, in this cold weather, and if you would convince me that you have *real* sensibility, you will lay aside your novels, and come and help me to get their dresses ready. Come, Evelyn, close that exciting book! I declare the current literature of the day is doing more injury than ardent spirits. All the young ladies who should be drinking at the clear fountain of Truth, are mixing and sipping these double distilled sentimentalities until they are actually in a state of mental intoxication, and in my estimation, this species of intemperance is more deplorable in its effects, than that of the bottle."

"Well now, aunt, if I were you, I would get up a temperance society on the subject; you are well qualified to discharge the duties of President, and might attend to such duties, having none of a domestic nature on your hands."

"Ah, you young mischief, Angeline! How natural it is for young ladies to taunt their unmarried aunts. 'Yes, girls, I am five and thirty—an old maid. What would you give to know why I am not married?"

"Oh, we will give, or do, anything you will require of us. We have so often longed to ask you. We are sure that your story must be quite a touching one. Some deep feeling must have influenced you, for we know that you have had advantageous offers, and you are very beautiful."

"What judges of beauty you are! Now wherein am I beautiful? Take a close survey of my person, and answer. I am tall and spare, with ugly feet, and hands like claws; my skin is sallow, my hair rough and scanty, my eyes grey, and heavy in expression, and my mouth seems made for anything rather than kissing. Ah! you rogues, you see it all now, do you? Well, I hope you will learn to discriminate between real beauty, and the glitter of millinery and ornament. I have heard my nieces spoken of as transcendently beautiful, and I have at such times thought that if you were in kitchen-girls' attire, and employment; such flatterers would hardly be able to perceive your beauty. Our house-maid, Mary, is truly beautiful. No person can look upon her without admiring her clear healthy complexion; soft long hair; dove-like eyes; and form, so round and graceful. Then what arms and hands she has—and what a musical voice. But come—if you will go and help me make the clothes for those poor children, I will tell you why I am an old maid."

"And will you describe your feelings truly, and tell us all about it?"

"Yes, I will tell you all about it. So come along."

Aunt Margaret's Story.

Well girls, commenced Aunt Margaret, as soon as they were busily engaged in sewing; since I am to tell you how I came to be an old maid, I must begin at the beginning. You know that I am only an unit in a large family, having several sisters both older and younger than I; therefore it was perhaps, that I was not under very strict supervision, in my early girlhood. Not that I experienced any outward neglect, but the moral training which is so indispensably necessary to a young woman's education, was wholly lost sight of in mine. I was exceedingly romantic and sensitive, and was allowed to indulge all my wild whims, and to weep over the distempered creations of my childish imagination, until I might be said to have lived in a world of dreams. I had indeed built for myself a sort of limbo, a world between earth and heaven, and peopled it with fancies suitable to such an ærial dwelling, amongst whom I dwelt and conversed; and of course learned to look with contempt on all the realities of this globe of land and water, with its flesh and blood inhabitants. In this frame of mind I went to a highly fashionable boarding school; where I learned the full value of all the accomplishments which I acquired, and moreover, that they were all to be directed to the one great aim of attracting beaux, and securing a lover, until he should become a husband. And further this mode of *education* saith not. Well—having been taught what particular songs and melodies were best suited to my voice and expression, and what shades and combinations of colors, modes of dress, and attitudes, were best adapted to my particular style of beauty; I returned home, a finished young lady, convinced that my whole business in life was to dress, dance, and read—and that the aim and end of my existence was to love, and get married.

Like all romantic young ladies, I had a particular friend; and that friend, as is generally the case, was my opposite in mind and person. It is a strong contrast, which by precluding comparison, leaves no place for envy, which originates and cements these youthful friendships. Now it so chanced that my friend had cousins in the country, and one of them a sweet, pretty, artless creature, came to spend a few weeks with her aunt in town! I fell in love with her at first sight, and completely won her from my friend, so that she spent most of her time at our house. She had a brother whom she seemed never weary of praising, as the best and handsomest young man in the world. He had such beautiful hair, she said, such expressive black eyes, such faultless features, was so straight and elegantly formed, so genteel and fascinating in his manners—in short he was perfection, and I was thoroughly in love with him, on her description. Then commenced a new era in my existence. I moped and sighed, and dreamed night and day of my unseen idol. I affected a love of solitude, and sat for hours, in the moonlight, or under a green tree by day, indulging the wildest reveries of fancy. My friends were alarmed for my health, and some hinted at the loss of my reason; but I only sighed, and turned from all their kind enquiries. I read passionate love songs. At length I made up my mind to die for my invisible one, leaving a letter directed to him explaining the cause [illegible] copy of the proposed letter, and wept over it for hours. In it I assured him that my pure spirit should be ever nigh him, to watch, to guard, and to guide him; to whisper to him pure thoughts by day, and to cast its shadow in a thousand beautiful dreams, on the still waters of sleep.

I verily believe that I should have fretted myself to death, for people began to remark that I was fast fading, but lo! Miss Moore's brother arrived at the home of my friend, to pay a short visit to his relatives, and accompany his sister home. I was not at all disappointed in my anticipations of his personal excellence—and the freedom and ingeniousness of his manners charmed me more than his beauty, so that I was hopelessly captivated. The young man behaved to me with a gentlemanly deference, but I suppose he never thought it possible, that he could love me. I persuaded myself, however, that he was terribly enamored, and was kept at a distance by my superior standing in society—for I did not know that an independent farmer, is the only well *grounded* aristocrat on earth, and that they are well aware of their position. So Charles Moore went home, and I was left more desperately in love, more terribly distressed than ever. I laid open my whole heart to my friend, cousin to the Moores, and she, after teazing me until she was weary, proposed that I should accompany her, in a proposed visit to her uncle Moore's family, the next summer; promising in the meantime to mention me in all her letters to Miss Delia Moore. This arrangement consoled me, so that I waited in hope for the season of flowers. Oh, what volumes of tender sentiment I poured into the ears of my friend, what castles of love and bliss, did I erect in the shadowy realm of futurity.

At length the mighty preparations were completed, and the journey which was to decide my destiny, was commenced. The high opinion which I had entertained of my own beauty and accomplishments, rendered me quite secure of my coveted price, and I gave free scope to my extravagant fancy.

Of life, out of a handsomely furnished parlor or ball-room, I *knew* no more than an infant. All my opinions were gleaned from novels, and Magazine stories. So I had my own delicate idea of a farmer's house, dress, and occupation. I expected to find Miss Delia in a neat gingham, her bright curls wreathed with fresh roses, training the beautiful honeysuckle, or delicate Alleghany vine up the pillars of the ample portico—or at the worst, standing beneath the blooms, moulding and printing the "golden butter." And Mr. Charles Moore—why he of course was to be in full dress, reading to his sister, or possibly superintending the operations of the laborers. And then the farm house—oh! that was a picturesque building, embosomed in green trees, beneath which were gravel walks, and neat trimmed shrubbery, and bowers of roses.

My friend Harriet Saunders had been at Mrs. Moore's, but she assured me that the place was beautifully romantic, and promised me all sorts of pleasures in rural rambles, and afternoons spent in gathering strawberries. The weather was fine until the afternoon, when it became cloudy, and a cold rain set in, which caused us to feel quite uncomfortable, and to crown our adventure with real romance, our carriage, all unfit for the rough road over which it was rapidly driven, broke down within half a mile of our destination. What were we to do. No conveyance could be had, and Harriet gaily declared that she would go on on foot. Of course I would accompany her, and we set forward, leaving our coachman to repair his damage, and come on as he could. Now I had dressed myself in the most elegant manner, hoping to appear to great advantage. But oh, the misery of a walk in the country on a rainy day. The fine silk and satin that encased my dainty *little* feet, was soon saturated with dirty water, in the most alarming manner; and when we came near the farm-house, we left the road and proceeded along a lane, where the grass was hardly tracked by wheels, and being thick and tall, seemed very willing to share its superabundant moisture with my delicately laced and flounced *jupes;* while my bonnet and shawl became saturated, and blemted their brilliant color, which ran down like Aaron's precious ointment, to the skirts of my garment. Harriet, who wore a black travelling dress, and straw bonnet, did not suffer as I did from the wet.

At length we came to a large barn, in the yard of which were some ten or twelve cows, and two women with great hoods and old cloaks on, sitting upon stools, with the filth several inches deep beneath and around them, busily engaged in milking.

"Good evening, aunt, and cousin Delia," cried Harriet.

The milkers looked round, and returned the greeting, staring at me with such comical expression of countenance, that I could not tell whether to laugh or cry.

"Go in, go in!" cried Mrs. Moore—"Delia and I will be along presently."

"No, we will wait till you are ready," said Harriet; "we are as wet as we can be."

Just then a man with an old broad-brimmed hat and big tow-linen frock on came in sight, carrying two large buckets, of I knew not what, (though it was sour milk and bran) and went over a stile into a lot opposite the barn. Here he halted by a long trough, and began to call pig! pig! Some large swine soon arrived, but he seemed disposed to keep back the feed until some smaller ones should come up. But a big sow, who appeared to be the dam of the whole herd, grew impatient, and placing her snout under the bucket as he held it, threw it suddenly upward, with an impetus which caused the man to fall backward over one of the swine, and drench himself completely with the contents of his buckets. The poor fellow regained his feet, strangling and spitting, and presently cried out, "Confound!" Weah—with a violent effort of the stomach to throw off its nausea—"Confound the old so—ow!" with another retch of the stomach, at the same time shaking his frock, and endeavoring to wipe the lather from his eyes.

Delia, who saw the whole, clapped her dirty little hands, exclaiming, "Bravo! brother Charles! Oh, but you do look *well* now!"

Her voice startled the cow she had been milking, which turning suddenly to run away, jostled the merry girl, who blundered over her stool, and fell flat, not in a bed of roses.

"Laughing is catching! Sister mine!" cried Charles, and such a shout of merriment as pealed up from Mrs. Moore, her son and daughter and Harriet, who I verily thought would go into convulsions, while a cold sickness almost stifled my very soul.

Such a set as was gathered around the wood fire, in Mrs. Moore's old quaintly furnished kitchen, sure never was seen before or since. Charles and Delia soon withdrew and improved their personal appearance; but poor me—our carriage with the trunks did not arrive, and there was neither shoe or garment in the house that I could [illegible] Delia. So there I sat shivering in my glory. Tea was soon ready in a neat well warmed and handsomely furnished parlor, and the table was loaded with luxuries, but I could neither eat or converse, but sat in my ridiculously stained and daggled finery, pale and miserably looking, and wishing myself in Patagonia. Charles looked at me sometimes with an expression so ludicrously mingled of pity and merriment, that I felt as if I should sink under the table.

Late in the evening our equipage arrived—but I did not dress that night, and Harriet and I retired to our chamber. I passed the whole night in tears, while my provoking friend laughed at my calamity, declaring that she was delighted with the whole adventure, that it exceeded in detail all of comedy, tragedy, and farce, that ever was enacted. And then she would laugh till the bed shook under us.

I arose in the morning completely revolutionized. My beautiful sentimentalities of holy love and rural felicity, were in a condition very similar to that of my poor dress, with its stains like broken rainbows. The magic tissue of Fancy fell so suddenly from before my eyes, revealing all at once the truthful realities of life, that the revulsion of feeling almost overwhelmed me. I saw myself and every body else, and every thing just as all things really are.

And this is the reason why—and how I came to be an old maid.

Original Poem.

STARLIGHT IN THE ODENWALD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR.

Upon the mountain's rugged crest,
There lingers still a glow,
But twilight's sombre garb hath drest
The valleys far below.
No wild wind sways the forest-pine
No breeze bends down the flower,
And dimly seem the stars to shine
Upon the vesper hour.

Here, in the fading sunset-light,
I breathe the upper air,
And hear from out the halls of Night,
The spirit-call to prayer
Still deeper, through the wild profound,
The solemn hush doth fall
And rest upon the hills around,
Like Nature's funeral pall!

Now comes, to break the breathless spell,
Up-floating through the gloom,
The chiming of some distant bell
O'er day's cloud mantled tomb,
And as it falls, the warder-star
That guards the twilight pale,
Looks o'er the Eastern hills afar
And dons his silver mail.

The shadows deepen as they stand,
The rosy glow is gone;
And westward, toward my native land,
The sunset marches on!
Bright star, with whose familiar glance,
My thoughts are mingling free,
Shine, glimmering, o'er the wide expanse
And bear them home for me!

Still all is breathless, as in prayer,
But to my spirit-ear,
Kind voices float upon the air—
Fond eyes behold me here!
The love, whose pinions never rest,
Soars, tireless, o'er the sea,
And by the thrill within my breast
I know they speak of me!

The spirit of the gentle hour
Makes dim the eye with tears,
And yielding to its spell of power,
I muse on vanished years;
Till through the gloom, no more is heard
The solemn twilight-chime
And mourn the dark pines faintly stirred,
The hurrying march of Time.

STRANGE.—There is no such thing as determining the intellect by the title of a man. A count, in point of mind, may be of no account whatever, and a baron may be as barren of brains as a chesnut tree of walnuts.—*Noah's Messenger.*

Original Tales.

THE SLEEP OF LOVE.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CHAPTER III.

A twelvemonth had rolled away, and on the green banks of the Ohio, away in the western wilderness I had found a home. But was I happy in my self-imposed exile? oh no! From the moment I had left my father's presence, with his curse upon me, a strange feeling had gradually been stealing over my heart, till now I had learned to loathe the companionship of him, for whose sake in the deep devotedness of my affection, I had abandoned a home of affluence, and forfeited a father's love. It was a sick, remorseful bitterness, with which I first awakened to the consciousness that I no longer loved him, and earnest prayers went up for the wakening to life of my dead affection. It was in vain that I remembered what he had been; the degraded sot of the present seemed entirely a separate being from the high-souled, glorious creature of former days, to whom my vows of love were plighted. Then he moved an equal with the noblest and proudest in the land, now he was the companion of the vilest scum of society, as debased, as despicable as they, and my heart shrank at my efforts to constrain it to yield him its former love.

His last penny had long since been expended, and it was my efforts alone that supplied us with our daily bread. Then I could estimate the full value of what I had renounced for his sake, and memories of the past came mingled with the bitterest regrets. I, who had moved an idol in princely halls, at whose shrine every luxury which wealth could purchase, was offered up, and where the proudest rendered homage, was now "that lowly thing, a drunkard's wife," the habitant of an abode my father's humblest menial would have scorned. By one mad act I had reduced myself and child to the most abject poverty, from which it was probable that I should never rise. Twice I had written to my father, and, in the most moving language which I could command, implored his pardon and permission to return to my early home, but in vain; the first letter remained unanswered, and the second was unopened, and I knew that further efforts would be useless, and passively resigned myself to the thought that I must drag out my future existence in wretchedness and want, with a being whom I scorned, aye—merciful God shall confess it!—whom I had learned *to hate.*

In the wide world there was but one whom I could love, but one for whose sake I could wish to live—my beautiful, my peerless boy, and on him was lavished my heart's whole wealth of affection. He was a precocious child, the subject on which for art to exert her powers in surety of the proudest success, and there was a bitterness in the thought, that poverty should cramp and limit the splendid powers with which nature had gifted him, [illegible] place amid his fellow beings. Alas! [illegible] why took I thought for him, whose destiny was so soon to be fulfilled! Oh, Providence, how incomprehensible are Thy ways, was such a being, by nature fitted for the widest usefulness to man, but born to die?

It was night, and its deep stillness was round me, unbroken by aught, save the wild dashings of the Ohio, as it rushed past the door of my lowly home. I sat alone watching in alternate hope and despair the restless turnings of my suffering boy. Oh, what a change a few short hours had wrought; that morn had seen him in the full beauty and vigor of health, and now, pale and helpless, he lay stretched before me in the last stage of a fatal disease.

At the first symptom of illness his father had departed in quest of medical assistance, and hours, long hours had past since then, and still he came not, and death, I knew, with rapid strides was approaching, and was there no effort to be made to arrest his progress. Again, for the hundredth time, perhaps, I passed to the window and peered out into the surrounding darkness, in the vain hope of discovering approaching forms. None came, and minutes passed by, minutes that seemed like ages in duration, and still no coming footsteps broke the deathful silence. Oh, the agonizing pang that pierced my heart, as I met his appealing gaze fixed on me for the assistance which it was not mine to give—who shall tell it! I bent down and kissed his pallid brow, whereon cold dews were gathering, and tears, hot tears, such as a mother only can shed, fell fast and thick over my dying child. Still that gaze was not removed, it was on me wherever I passed. I could endure it no longer, and turned away to hide from my sight the distressing spectacle. I knelt down and called on God in frantic agony to spare his life, in vain, even then the last dread moment had arrived, and when again I approached his bed-side, I knew that he was dying. "Oh, Charley, my sweet Charley," I exclaimed, clasping him wildly to my bosom, "is it thus that we must part? say, will you not speak to me, my child, and kiss me once before you die?" For a moment his glaring eye lightened with an expression of intelligence, and his lips moved as essaying to address me, but no sound escaped them. At last the fringed lids drooped heavily over those rayless orbs, and, as I laid him gently back upon his pillow, a slight quiver ran through his frame, and when I bent down to listen for his breath it was still, he was dead—merciful Heaven! little Charley was dead.

My gaze was fascinated upon his lifeless form till a deathly sickness came over me, and I sank insensible beside him, blest awhile with forgetfulness of my misery. Minutes passed by, and again I was restored to consciousness, again made sensible to the dread reality that my child was dead. There lay my idol, pale and inanimate before me, his little limbs composed and stiffening in death, struck down by the hand of Him whose place he had usurped in my heart. The golden curls still clustered in glossy richness upon his brow, and the agonized expression his countenance had worn in his last hours, was gone, and a smile was stamped upon his hueless lips, so beautiful, so life-like, that but for its fixedness, one might have deemed the spirit still was there. The outline of his shapely limbs was revealed through the linen drapery that shrouded them, and I gazed entranced upon his angelic loveliness as he lay still and pale and before me, like some fair statue wrought from Parian marble. So beautiful, so fair, my last, my only loved, how could I give him up, how could I lay him in his little grave? I turned away at the thought, and wept in my desolate agony, as if my heart would break.

The Bible, with its eternal truths and promises lay before me; I drew it towards me and bent over its sacred pages, eager to receive the consolation it should offer. "Come unto me," it told me, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and I knelt down and tried to pray, tried to say "Father, thy will be done," but my heart rebelled against it and I turned aside, for I could not profane the ears of my Maker with such unholy mockery. In vain I essayed to control my emotions, and to fix my mind on holy things; one overwhelming, killing thought alone was present in my mind, my child is dead, my child is dead, and choking sighs broke audibly from my lips, and the scalding tear-drops fell like rain. Time passed, and when the outbreak of sorrow had somewhat subsided, again I approached my Maker, and in burning language, such as a stricken heart alone can dictate, poured out my full soul before Him; and in those gushing words passed forth the burden of agony that seemed crushing me to the dust. My prayers was answered, the submission I asked was given, and the words that broke from the lips of the agonized and yet submissive Jesus, amid the bowers of Gethsemane, rose spontaneous from my heart. I approached my child and gazed with calmness upon his pale sweet face. The smile that wreathed his bloodless lips, which had almost seemed like mockery of my grief at first, now spake a peaceful solace to my heart, as an emblem of the peace and rest which he had found in the bosom of his God.

Morning dawned at length, and still my husband had not returned, and knowing that a spirit-shop must be passed between him and his destination, I could but too well divine the reason. I was alone with the dead, and no human habitation was near, from whence I could hope for a companion in my solitude. Even Ashburton's presence, intolerable as it had become, would have been preferable to the strange, solitary loneliness which I experienced, and I waited with impatience for his coming. The solitude becoming at length unsupportable, I stepped out into the path, upon the margin of the river, and following it until in reached a bend whence a view of the same for a considerable distance was presented, I gazed eagerly down, hoping to see some one approaching; none came, and I turned to retrace my steps.

The sun had just risen with a pomp and splendor rarely equalled, and a scene of enchanting loveliness was presented before me. To the south a *prairie* went spreading away, till bounded by a line of regular hills that skirted the horizon, its tall grass waving greenly in the morning breeze, mingled with strange, bright flowers of a thousand hues and of the sweetest perfume. To the north and west stretched an almost interminable forest, whose deep solitudes, save on the borders of the Ohio, the red man alone had explored. From the east, through an opening among hills crowned with a golden glory in the morning sun, the river came dashing and sparkling on, and then with a graceful sweep turned northwardly into the forest, its wild roarings echoing down its dim arcades with a strange and solemn melody, mingled with the dulcet strains of a thousand singing birds that dwelt amid its shady bowers.

I paused a moment to gaze around upon the rich and glorious scene, and then with a mourn- stretching Heaven, with its rosy eastern clouds fading away in daylight; the smiling earth green-robed and decked in summer's bright hued flowers, with the sunshine on its hills and plains and flowing waters; with music amid its groves and bowers, wild and sweet and joyous—how ill according with the feelings of my soul.

As I was about to re-enter the house, I heard the sound of carriage wheels approaching, and turning, I beheld two rustics riding leisurely forward. I waited without hoping to gain some intelligence of my husband. When arrived before me, they drew up the rein and alighted. They had found Ashburton by the road-side completely intoxicated, insensible as the clods upon which he rested—and, thinking I must be alarmed by his long absence, they had taken him up and kindly conveyed him home. The wretched creature was extended upon the bottom of the carriage, wrapt in brutal stupifaction from which it was impossible to arouse him.

It was as I had thought—even when he knew the life of his child was at stake, he was unable to resist the temptation in his way, and entering a low spirit-house, where were congregated a number of his vile companions, he had drank with them till his errand was forgotten. After spending his last penny, he had been expelled by the proprietor, and left to return as best he might. He had proceeded a little way, and then no longer able to resist the stupifying effects of the liquor which he had drunk, sank down by the road-side, where he had remained during the night, and from whence he had been removed by the kind-hearted travellers. He was borne into the house, and left alone and uncared for, to awake from his brutish insensibility, to the terrible consciousness of his guilt, while we retired to the apartment where lay the remains of my child.

Tears gathered in the eyes of the kind old men as they gazed on the beautiful form that lay so cold and still before them. "Poor child," said one, turning towards me with a look of pitying tenderness, "you are young to have drunk so deeply of the cup of human misery—but, God knows best, and it may be that you will have occasion to thank Him even for this." How grateful to the human heart is sympathy, even from the lowliest of our kind, when writhing beneath some afflictive blow of Providence. Half its anguish is abated, when friends mingle their tears with ours, over the precious clay of the loved and lost one. I no longer felt the lone desolate bitterness I at first experienced; I was not all alone, entirely excluded from hearts of my fellow beings, even though kindred and early friends had forsaken me. Even in the midst of strangers, I had found that sympathy and compassion which my heart told me they would refuse. Before the day was past, many a wife and daughter of the neighbors round me, had gathered in my lowly home, either to offer consolation or to tender their assistance in preparations for the approaching burial, and obscure and lonely they were—and those to whom in former days I should have scorned to be in any way indebted, by their kind and christian deeds they laid me under obligations which I can never, never discharge.

Night returned again—and still my husband, though he had slumbered away the effects of the preceding evening's excesses, in consequence of illness occasioned by the exposure succeeding, was still unable to rise from the bed upon which he had first been placed, and before morning dawned again, he was raving in the delirium of a raging fever. A physician was called, who pronounced his case such as would scarcely warrant the slightest hope of recovery. I heard his decision with entire calmness—I might almost say with perfect indifference. Even when I saw him standing upon the brink of the grave, I felt no melting in my heart, no yearning of my early love. Immediately upon awaking to consciousness the preceding evening, he had been informed of his child's death—and this, in his mental wanderings, was the theme upon which he constantly dwelt; and I stood by his bedside and heard him in wild, passionate language, such as would have melted any heart but mine, express his tenderness for the poor unconscious dead, and his deep contrition for his cruel indifference, when perhaps, life was depending upon his exertions; and then, with all the eloquence of which he was master, he would plead for my forgiveness, and with expressions of penitence for his past misdeeds, and promises of amendment, endeavor to win back my affections—and then, as if conscious that he was unsuccessful, would turn away and weep like a child. Yes, wretch that I was, I heard it all without one single pang; even the common emotion of pity which would have stirred in a stranger's bosom, found no place in my estranged and hardened heart—but I was punished—oh! fearfully was I punished, when in after years conscience woke up, and with remorseful pangs reviewed the memories of days departed.

A little while and the last sad office was performed, and Charley was laid in his little grave—and I returned to my desolate home whence he had parted forever; henceforth I deemed, to find my only solace in the hope that we should meet again. I was an alien in my father's house, with his heaviest curse upon me—which I could hope neither by prayers or tears, to move him to revoke. I was in the midst of strangers, and so destitute of the common necessaries of life, that I was dependent upon them for my daily sustenance. My duties were neglected; I had neither the motive nor the spirit for exertion; the last star of the many which had shone over the pathway of my existence, had vanished, and gloom and darkness were around me, from which I could hope to escape but in my grave; and I sat me down in listless, calm despair, patiently to await the hour that should lay me there.

A month had passed, and by a wonderful and merciful providence my husband had been snatched from the jaws of death, and was now convalescent, though still unable to rise from his bed. *Once only after his restoration to reason had he alluded to Charley's death,* and then, though few words were spoken, I could perceive by his uncontrollable emotion, it was with the deepest remorse and bitterest affliction.

One evening, after a day spent in unusual melancholy on my part, a stranger arrived from New York, bearing a letter from my father. I grasped the precious missive and eagerly broke the seal, and perused its contents with mingled joy and grief. Since my departure, the health of my parent had gradually been declining, till now he was only able to dictate the few brief words which the letter contained. He had repented of his severity towards me, and had sent for my return, to look upon me once again, to bless me and to die.

Foreseeing the consequences and dangers, which I should probably have to encounter in so long a journey, if undertaken alone, an old and tried friend had been sent to accompany [illegible] ing expenses, and also for those which I might deem it necessary to incur in preparations for travelling. Thus every obstacle being foreseen and removed, I did not hesitate an instant in deciding what course to pursue, and the morrow was fixed upon for the time of my departure.

An old lady was then residing with me, whose services my neighbors had in charity engaged for me for the term of my husband's sickness, and to her I immediately made known my intentions, and extracted a promise from her to continue in her present situation, so long as Ashburton should deem her care and attention necessary. For her past services I amply rewarded her, and likewise placed in her hands a sum of money from which she was to receive the recompense for future ones, and also defray the expenses consequent upon sickness, which it had been and might still be necessary to incur. After these deductions were made, I directed that the remainder should be given to my husband, to appropriate as he should see fit.

"But why leave directions for so long a time?" she answered, "during your absence, it is probable I cannot have executed half—when shall you return?"

"Never," I answered.

"Never," she repeated, "surely it would be injustice and cruelty, to desert your husband now, in the first moment of contrition."

"And what," I replied, "but injustice and cruelty have I received from him. I go at the bidding of a parent from whose heart, I have long for his sake been estranged, and for which he has repaid me only with coldness and ingratitude. I owe him no duty or affection, he has forfeited all claims to either. If one spark of early love had lingered in my breast, the wanton indifference he betrayed, when conscious that the life of his child was at stake, would have extinguished it. To my heart he has become a stranger, and I sunder the bond which has hitherto existed between us without a pang; to-morrow we part, and I rejoice in the thought that we part forever."

"Listen to me," she answered, "for your own sake, I beseech you listen. By the laws of God and man, you are bound to him by a tie which you cannot sever with impunity. As surely as justice is an attribute of that Being, in whose presence you breathed your perjured vows at the marriage altar, you will repent, and it may be when repentance can avail you nothing."

"Have done," I answered impatiently, "my mind is fixed, and it is in vain to attempt to dissuade me from my purpose."

The old lady cast upon me a look of mingled pity and reproach, and turned away. Her words were powerless then, but in after years, the recollection of her faithful warning enhanced a hundred fold the stings of an accusing conscience.

Morning came, and I stole forth to visit the grave of my child. It was a sweet, secluded spot on the velvet banks of the Ohio, at the entrance of the forest. Tall, old trees stretched their wide boughs above it, and the gentle breeze, fragrant with the breath of the bright flowers that were blossoming round, whispered mysteriously and sadly amid the emerald leaves. No sound ever broke in upon the solemn stillness that reigned around, save the voice of singing birds, and the monotonous dashing of the bright waves as they went trooping and sparkling by. I lingered awhile by the little grave, and then with one long, last look at the sweet scene, as if to fix it in my memory forever, with a bursting heart I turned away.

When nearly in readiness to depart, I entered my husband's room and approached his bed-side. He was sitting upright, supported by pillows, looking from the restlessness of the preceding night unusually pale and wan. I had not seen him since the preceding morning, and now as I approached him, his eye lightened and a feeble smile broke upon his lips, and he extended his hand in welcome. In spite of myself I was touched by his manner, and it was with a strong effort that I kept down the risings of my heart, as I briefly informed him of my intention, and told him I had come to bid him farewell forever. For a moment his eyes were bent searchingly upon me, as if to read from my appearance the confirmation of what I had said. "Oh! Mary," he exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not forsake me now. Oh God! I had not dreamed of this, and yet—and yet, wretch that I have been, I deserve it all—yes, go my Mary,—righteous Heaven! for the last time do I call you *mine!* but peace," he said, laying his thin hand upon his breast, as if to still its convulsive heavings, while his white lips quivered, "why should I murmur at the return in justice made for sin? Go, and may peace attend you, and the richest blessings in the gift of Heaven, in recompense for your sufferings for my sake; but before we part, tell me, in pity tell me, that you do not hate me, say that, though henceforth we must be as strangers, you will remember me kindly, say Mary, say that you forgive me."

"Yes, Charles, I do forgive you," I answered, "and pray that heaven may forgive you also, and now farewell."

He feebly grasped the hand which I extended and turned away. Before leaving the room I turned to look upon him once again. His eyes were humid with tears, and they were fixed upon me now with an expression so full of sad, regretful tenderness, that, hardened as I was, it subdued me in an instant, and I rushed back, and, twining my arms around his neck, covered his cheek with passionate kisses, while the scalding tear drops, which could no longer be restrained, fell from my eyes like rain. A few moments, and the farewell was repeated, and I tore myself away—and thus we parted. Strange, I could so wantonly abandon the being I had loved so well, but I crushed back the feelings of my better nature, which were struggling for the mastery in my bosom, and steeled my heart against him.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

From the Magazines.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"LADYE'S EE."

"There is a charm in "Ladye's ee,"
Which cherished lovers only see—
A charm beyond the simple ken
Of that minority of men
Whose hearts are ever free.

Is it a look of sweet content,
With—angels' gift'—affection blent?
Is it a ray of soul-born light,
Or is it a bright star in night
Or cloudless majesty?

I've seen it in the lightning flash
From the blue orb beneath the lash
In swift and silent ecstacy;
And none but cherished lovers see
This charm in "Ladye's ee."

And so far can I tell its pow'r—
For ne'er shall be forgot the hour,
When gazing in the fondest pride
Upon the rosebud on my side,
The lightning flashed on me

My frame, my heart, my heart of heart,
Did with magnetic motion start;

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR FEBRUARY.

SOMETHING TO DIE FOR.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Prent was sick, single, and singular.

It was of no use to do anything for him; he was going to die; that is he was coming to his end. Of what? Will you have the answer of last month or last year? It's quite important to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption, last month of apoplexy; last year of cancer; and it was as likely the year before to have been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on, (generally on,) for three years. Three years—till finally he reduced it to a certainty, (he feared,) and himself to a shadow; a pretty distinct shadow it's true.

He looked at his hand one day; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt—very. What would become of his penmanship? Off-hand, at least. Four-and-twenty hours relieved him; all right: only a stain. He walked in a perspiration of delight to the open window; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there! Oh! what was it? Going in a consumption; last stage—hasty at that; named in two words, cough and coffin!

Bed, blood root and a blister.

Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together, sometimes—unsteady.

"Not so much my feelings as my friends," said Prent, feebly, "nor my pain as my principles, I grieve for. What 'll become of the party? not that which comes to t—" (tea, he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out "tut" instead, which was just as well,) but that which goes to the polls. "I'm going, and my friends know it, it's *expect-oration* with me, but not with them."

"No, no," said his friend Prattle, the lawyer; "don't give way to such feelings. Cheer up."

"Cheer up!" said Prent; "on what? Spirits of nitre!—poor cheer, I take it." He did; "and as for giving way, there's no help for it, nor from it. I tell you, my friend, I'm a gone coon!" He smiled feebly. "I've felt like it ever since the last election."

"Stuff!" said Prattle, "stuff!"

"Which?" asked Prent; "my medicine or my meals? I haven't eaten anything so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not bilious."

"Well," said Prattle, "if you really think so, I'll send for the doctor; and," suggested he, "perhaps I'd better make out your will."

"The best thing you can do; and give me my testament" said Prent.

"Won't you just sign this petition?" said Prattle; "it dates a week back, and you can sign it at the head."

"A weak back," said Prent; "contains a complaint, does it? Well, yes; I'll sign the petition and say my prayers. But, look here, don't send for the doctor; it's no use."

"Yes," said Prattle, imploringly.

"No," said Prent, decidedly, and coughed. Coughing loudly, for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intention.

The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony.

As Prattle sat by the bed, he thought during the intervals between Prent's remarks; and when Prent said, "I feel easier now," he thought "so do I."

"In my pocket," thought Prattle.

"It'll lengthen my life full twelve hours," said Prent.

"And my purse full twelve shillings," thought Prattle.

After half an hour Prattle went away, after him went a week from that date.

Not so Prent, he got better. He got so he could "sit up and take things"—so that he could stand. "It leaves me with a rhematism," said Prent; "I wish it had left me alone." "Ah!" continued he, "I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentiment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too; nothing to mar my happiness. Why should I die? I haven't done anything very bad, save that last painting. Well," thought Prent, "if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for—I will."

And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the preliminary steps. He took the steps to a three story house.

"Mr. Prent," said the waiter.

"That's me," said Prent, walking into the parlor. "How is Miss Bachelor?"

Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance, and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using anything for it but her pocket-handkerchief.

Miss Bachelor was "Pretty well as common, thankee," and "Miss Latelle," said Prent, to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's, "how are you?"

"Very well," she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was "in town," as the saying goes.

He felt happy and he looked happy. He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good, too. He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at "A No. 1," and try down to "etc.," with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a single leap; to matrimony in one more. "How well I feel!" thought Prent.

He was about proposing, when Miss Bachelor said, in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music; "I declare, I feel quite chilly!" There was no doubting her veracity, but it was, Prent thought, awkward to say so at that moment. Supposing she was?—it wasn't his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen-stove, rather than there.

"It is rather chilly," said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth. Prent knew it.

"I'm told," said he, "that a slight chill in the air is worse than really cold weather, for the teeth. Have you heard it?"

"Dear me! No," said Miss Bachelor. "I must not stay here, then."

She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening.

Mr. Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted—all comfortably. Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. Acted admirably; on the supposition that she must be love sick, he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect; and after the very last, she said, "oh!"

Ten o'clock Prent was almost ready to leave. Half-past—the same. Eleven, ditto; half-past—one more kiss. Well, then; "Oh!" Twelve. A desperate effort, and two kisses. "Oh! oh!" gone.

"My dear fellow," said Prattle, "you don't mean to say you are to be married?"

"Of course I do," said Prent.

"Married, eh?" Hadn't Prattle eaten suppers with him, all for his pleasure, regularly, and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy but humored him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him, smoked with him, and performed various like disinterested services? He had. Well then, there could be no doubt of his friendship, and he told Prent it was a foolish idea.

"And your object is to have some one to bother you while you live?" said Prattle, "or grieve when you're dead? Something to die for?"

"It is," said Prent.

"If you believed you were destinned to live twenty years, don't you think you would be better off single?"

"I think I should," said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late [illegible] say I sent you. He's rich and his name's Bill; foot it."

"It's of no use, doctor," said Prent; "it's destined."

"What are the symptoms?" asked Physic.

"Various," answered Prent.

"Instance," said Physic.

"Rheumatism; palpitation; cold sweat; pain in the chest, etc., etc.," said Prent.

"Let me try to remove them," said Physic, "it's eating that does it."

"No," said Prent; "I've experimented on that."

"Drinking, perhaps?" suggested Physic.

"I thought it might be," said Prent, "and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy and water. No use; tried it for a week. Took to beer again and dropped alcoholics. It wouldn't do. No, no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it was not. I'd have it before the judge in less than a week."

"Do you think you have a standing complaint?" asked Physic.

"No; I rather think it's *seated,*" said Prent.

"Try me one month," said Physic, "and I'll cure you."

"I've no objection to trying any thing," said Prent.

"Well, one blue pill every night for a week; seidlitz-powders in the morning, diet crackers and cold water."

"Stop! stop! doctor, I couldn't live so."

"Only for a month," said Physic.

"Say on potatoe and half a glass of wine at dinner."

"You'd better not," said Physic, "but you may alternate days, commencing to-morrow."

"I'd rather commence every day," said Prent.

"Won't do!" said Physic.

It is strange, but Prent stood it "like a man" for a month. It was much stranger to him, that at the end of that time his arms, hands, legs, feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely, and didn't wake up o' nights and hear strange sounds, and his fingers were less inclined to travel 'round every article he endeavored to handle.

"What was the matter with me?" asked Prent of the doctor.

"You injured the coat of your stomach," said Physic.

"And it couldn't make a shift to use it's shirt-sleeves;" muttered Prent.

"You're not well yet," said Physic.

"But the month's up," said Prent.

"So it is," said Physic; "but live moderately, or you'll bring it on again; and by-and-bye there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hypochondria; those are the tickets."

"And the last shan't receive *suffrage,*" said Prent.

That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two more, temperately.

"I'm sorry," said Prent, "that I'll have to marry"—hiccup.

"You can break it," said Prattle.

"Supposing she sues for breach," said Prent.

"Supposing she does," said Prattle, "better try the *breeches* before marriage than after. can't prove it."

"Well, I'll—"

"Yes—"

"I'll see you (hiccup) to-morrow."

To-morrow Mr. Prent felt the symptoms again.

"I guess I'll take a wife," said Prent.

"Better take a blue pill," said Prattle.

But this, and all he could say, did not turn Prent one hair's-breadth. He married. What was better, he *got well,* sacrificed his suppers, and wasn't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man having *something to live for, a fire side and a home.*

A PUFF AND A BLOW.—A hawker of patent medicines sent an advertisement to a Western editor, and requested him, at the same time, to give his physic a puff, and stating that he would thankfully reciprocate the favor. The editor did puff the quack as desired; but the latter, thinking his praise rather equivocal, or rather of a negative than an affirmative character, knocked the editor over when next he saw him.

"What are you about?" asked the editor, as soon as he recovered from the dose administered to him by the knight of the pestle—"Didn't you ask me to puff your pills for you,—and didn't I do it? Is this the reciprocity of which you spoke?"

"It is," said the son of Galen; "you have given me a *puff,* and I have given you a *blow!*"

Documentary.

INAUGURATION.

SPEECHES OF PRESIDENT POLK AND VICE PRESIDENT DALLAS.

The President's Inaugural Address was received, by express, at the Exchange in this city on Tuesday afternoon at six o'clock. The express left Washington at twelve o'clock, noon. The locomotive ran off the track, and was detained one hour on the road.

When it left Washington the ceremony of Inauguration was in progress. Hon. G. M. Dallas, the Vice President elect, had taken the oath of office and delivered his address, a copy of which we lay before our readers with the address of President Polk.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT POLK.

Delivered March 4, 1845.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Without solicitation on my part, I have been chosen by the free and voluntary suffrages of my countrymen to the most honorable and most responsible office on earth. I am deeply impressed with gratitude for the confidence reposed in me. Honored with this distinguished consideration at an earlier period of life than any of my predecessors, I cannot disguise the diffidence with which I am about to enter on the discharge of my official duties.

If the more aged and experienced men who have filled the office of President of the United States, even in the infancy of the republic, distrusted their ability to discharge the duties of that exalted station, what ought not to be the apprehensions of one so much younger and less endowed, now that our domain extends from ocean to ocean, that our people have so greatly increased in numbers, and at a time when so great diversity of opinion prevails in regard to the principles and policy which should characterize the administration of our government? Well may the boldest fear and the wisest tremble, when incurring responsibilities on which may depend our country's peace and prosperity, and, in some degree, the hopes and happiness of the whole human family.

In assuming responsibilities so vast, I fervently invoke the aid of that Almighty Ruler of the Universe, in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men, to guard this heaven-favored land against the mischiefs which, without His guidance, might arise from an unwise public policy. With a firm reliance upon the wisdom of Omnipotence to sustain and direct me in the path of duty which I am appointed to pursue, I stand in the presence of this assembled multitude of my countrymen, to take upon myself the solemn obligation "to the best of my ability to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

A concise enumeration of the principles which will guide me in the administrative policy of the government, is not only in accordance with the examples set me by all my predecessors, but is eminently befitting the occasion.

The Constitution itself, plainly written as it is, the safeguard of our federative compact; the offspring of concession and compromise, binding together in the bonds of peace and union this great and increasing family of free and independent States, will be the chart by which I shall be directed.

It will be my first care to administer the government in the true spirit of that instrument, and to assume no powers not expressly granted or clearly implied in its terms. The government of the United States is one of delegated and limited powers; and it is by a strict adherence to the clearly granted powers, and by abstaining from the exercise of doubtful or unauthorized implied powers, that we have the only sure guaranty against the recurrence of those unfortunate collisions between the Federal and State authorities, which have occasionally so much disturbed the harmony of our system, and even threatened the perpetuity of our glorious Union.

"To the States respectively, or to the people," have been reserved, "the power not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States." Each State is a complete sovereignty within the sphere of its reserved powers. The government of the Union, acting within the sphere of its delegated authority, is also a complete sovereignty. While the general government should abstain from the exercise of authority not clearly delegated to it, the States should be equally careful that, in the maintenance of their rights, they do not overstep the limits of powers reserved to them.

One of the most distinguished of my predecessors attached deserved importance to "the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administration [illegible] of our peace at home, and safety abroad."

To the Government of the United States has been intrusted the exclusive management of our foreign affairs. Beyond that, it wields a few general enumerated powers. It does not force reform on the States. It leaves individuals, over whom it casts its protecting influence, entirely free to improve their own condition by the legitimate exercise of all their mental and physical powers.

It is a common protector of each and all the States, of every man who lives upon our soil, whether of native or of foreign birth; of every religious sect, in their worship of the Almighty according to the dictates of their own conscience; of every shade of opinion, and the most free inquiry; of every art, trade, and occupation, consistent with the laws of the States. And we rejoice in the general happiness, prosperity, and advancement of our country, which have been the offspring of freedom, and not of power.

This most admirable and wisest system of well-regulated self-government among men, ever devised by human minds, has been tested by its successful operation for more than half a century; and, if preserved from the usurpations of the federal government on the one hand, and the exercise by the States of powers not reserved to them on the other, will, I fervently hope and believe, endure for ages to come, and dispense the blessings of civil and religious liberty to distant generations.

To effect objects so dear to every patriot, I shall devote myself with anxious solicitude. It will be my desire to guard against that most fruitful source of danger to the harmonious action of our system, which consists in substituting the mere discretion and caprice of the executive, or of majorities in the legislative department of the government, for powers which have been withheld from the federal government by the constitution.

By the theory of our government, majorities rule; but this right is not an arbitrary or unlimited one. It is a right to be exercised in subordination to the constitution, and in conformity to it. One great object of the constitution, was to restrain majorities from oppressing minorities, or encroaching upon their just rights. Minorities have a right to appeal to the constitution, as a shield against such oppression.

That the blessings of liberty which our constitution secures, may be enjoyed alike by minorities and majorities, the executive has been wisely invested with a qualified veto upon the acts of the legislature. It is a negative power, and is conservative in its character. It arrests for the time hasty, inconsiderate, or unconstitutional legislation; invites reconsideration, and transfers questions at issue between the legislative and executive departments to the tribunal of the people. Like all other powers, it is subject to be abused. When judiciously and properly exercised, the constitution itself may be saved from infraction, and the rights of all preserved and protected.

The inestimable value of our federal Union is felt and acknowledged by all. By this system of united and confederated States, our people are permitted, collectively and individually, to seek their own happiness, in their own way; and the consequences have been most auspicious. Since the Union was formed, the number of the States has increased from thirteen to twenty-eight: two of these have taken their position as members of the confederacy within the past week.

Our population has increased from three to twenty millions. New communities and States are seeking protection under its ægis, and multitudes from the Old World are flocking to our shores, to participate in its blessings. Beneath its benign sway, peace and prosperity prevail. Freed from the burdens and miseries of war, our trade and intercourse have extended throughout the world. Mind, no longer tasked in devising means to accomplish or resist schemes of ambition, usurpation, or conquest, is devoting itself to man's true interests, in developing his faculties and powers, and the capacity of nature to minister to his enjoyments.

Genius is free to announce its inventions and discoveries; and the hand is free to accomplish whatever the head conceives, not incompatible with the rights of a fellow being. All distinctions of birth or rank have been abolished. All citizens, whether native or adopted, are placed upon terms of precise equality. All are entitled to equal rights and equal protection. No union exists between Church and State, and perfect freedom of opinion is guaranteed to all sects and creeds.

These are some of the blessings secured to our happy land by our federal Union. To perpetuate them, it is our sacred duty to preserve it. Who shall assign limits to the achievements of free minds and free hands, under the protection of this glorious Union? No treason to mankind since the organization of society, would be equal in atrocity to that of him who would lift his hand to destroy it. He would overthrow the noblest structure of human wisdom, which protects himself and his fellow-man.

He would stop the progress of free government, and involve his country either in anarchy or despotism. He would extinguish the fire of liberty which warms and animates the hearts of happy millions, and invites all the nations of the earth to imitate our example.

If he say that error and wrong are committed in the administration of the government, let him remember that nothing human can be perfect; and that under no other system of government revealed by Heaven, or devised by man, has reason been allowed so free and broad a scope to combat error. Has the sword of despots proved to be a safer or surer instrument of reform in government, than enlightened reason?

Does he expect to find among the ruins of this Union a happier abode for our swarming millions than they now have under it? Every lover of his country must shudder at the thought of the possibility of its dissolution, and will be ready to adopt the patriotic sentiment, "Our federal Union—it must be preserved." To preserve it, the compromises which alone enable our fathers to form a common constitution for the government and protection of so many States and distinct communities, of such diversified habits, interests, and domestic institutions, must be sacredly and religiously observed. Any attempt to disturb or destroy these compromises, being terms of the compact of Union, can lead to none other than the most ruinous and disastrous consequences.

It is a source of deep regret that, in some sections of our country, misguided persons have occasionally indulged in schemes and agitations, whose object is the destruction of domestic institutions existing in other sections—institutions which existed at the adoption of the constitution, and were recognised and protected by it. All must see that if it were possible for them to be successful in attaining their object, the dissolution of the Union, and the consequent destruction of our happy form of government, must speedily follow.

I am happy to believe that at every period of our existence as a nation, there has existed, and continues to exist, among the great mass of our people, a devotion to the Union of the States, which will shield and protect it against the moral treason of any who would seriously contemplate its destruction. To secure a continuance of that devotion, the compromises of the constitution must not only be preserved, but sectional jealousies and heart-burnings must be discountenanced; and all should remember that they are members of the same political family, having a common destiny.

To increase the attachment of our people to the Union, our laws should be just. Any policy which shall tend to favor monopolies, or the peculiar interests of sections or classes, must operate to the prejudice of the interests of their fellow-citizens, and should be avoided. If the compromises of the constitution be preserved—if sectional jealousies and heart-burnings be discountenanced—if our laws be just, and the government be practically administered strictly within the limits of power prescribed to it—we may discard all apprehensions for the safety of the Union.

With these views of the nature, character, and object of the Government, and the value of the Union, I shall steadily oppose the creation of those institutions and systems which, in their nature, tend to pervert it from its legitimate purposes, and make it the instrument of sections, classes, and individuals. We need no national banks, or other extraneous institutions planted around the Government to control or strengthen it in opposition to the will of its authors. Experience has taught us how unnecessary they are as auxiliaries of the public authorities, how impotent for good, and how powerful for mischief.

Ours was intended to be a plain and frugal Government; and I shall regard it to be my duty to recommend to Congress, and, as far as the Executive is concerned, to enforce by all the means within my power, the strictest economy in the expenditure of the public money, which may be compatible with the public interests.

A national debt has become almost an institution of European monarchies. It is viewed, in some of them, as an essential prop to existing governments. Melancholy is the condition of that people whose government can be sustained only by a system which periodically transfers large amounts from the labor of the many to the coffers of the few. Such a system is incompatible with the ends for which our Republican Government was instituted.

Under a wise policy, the debts contracted in our revolution, and during the war of 1812, have been happily extinguished. By a judicious application of the revenues, not required for other necessary purposes, it is not doubted [illegible] the restoration of the credit of the general government of the Union, and that of many of the States. Happy would it be for the indebted States if they were freed from their liabilities, many of which were incautiously contracted. Although the Government of the Union is neither in a legal nor a moral sense bound for the debts of the States, and it would be a violation of our compact of Union to assume them, yet we cannot but feel a deep interest in seeing all the States meet their public liabilities, and pay off their just debts, at the earliest practicable period.

That they will do so, as soon as it can be done without imposing too heavy burdens on their citizens, there is no reason to doubt. The sound, moral and honorable feeling of the people of the indebted States, cannot be questioned; and we are happy to perceive a settled disposition on their part, as their ability returns, after a season of unexampled pecuniary embarrassment, to pay off all just demands, and to acquiesce in any reasonable measures to accomplish that object.

One of the difficulties which we have had to encounter in the practical administration of the Government, consists in the adjustment of our revenue laws, and the levy of the taxes necessary for the support of Government. In the general proposition, that no more money shall be collected than the necessities of an economical administration shall require, all parties seem to acquiesce. Nor does there seem to be any material difference of opinion as to the absence of right in the Government to tax one section of country, or one class of citizens, or one occupation, for the mere profit of another. "Justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country."

I have heretofore declared to my fellow-citizens, that, in "my judgment it is the duty of the Government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue laws, and all other means within its power, fair and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce and navigation." I have also declared my opinion to be "in favor of a tariff for revenue," and that "in adjusting the details of such a tariff, I have sanctioned such moderate discriminating duties as would produce the amount of revenue needed, and, at the same time, afford reasonable incidental protection to our home industry," and that I was "opposed to a tariff for protection merely, and not for revenue."

The power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," was an indispensable one to be conferred on the Federal Government, which, without it, would possess no means of providing for its own support. In executing this power, by levying a tariff of duties for the support of Government, the raising of revenue should be the *object*, and protection the *incident*. To reverse this principle, and make protection the *object*, and revenue the *incident*, would be to inflict manifest injustice upon all other than the protected interests. In levying duties for revenue, it is doubtless proper to make such discriminations within the *revenue principle*, as will afford incidental protection to our home interests. Within the revenue limit there is a discretion to discriminate; beyond that limit the rightful exercise of the power is not conceded.

The incidental protection afforded to our home interests by discriminations within the revenue range, it is believed will be ample. In making discriminations, all our home interests should, as far as practicable, be equally protected. The largest portion of our people are agriculturists. Others are employed in manufactures, commerce, navigation, and the mechanic arts.

They are all engaged in their respective pursuits, and their joint labors constitute the national or home industry. To tax one branch of this home industry for the benefit of another, would be unjust. No one of these interests can rightfully claim an advantage over the others, or to be enriched by impoverishing the others. All are equally entitled to the fostering care and protection of the government.

In exercising a sound discretion in levying discriminating duties within the limit prescribed, care should be taken that it be done in a manner not to benefit the wealthy few, at the expense of the toiling millions, by taxing *lowest* the luxuries of life, or articles of superior quality and high price, which can only be consumed by the wealthy; the *highest* the necessaries of life, or articles of coarse quality and low price, which the poor and great mass of our people must consume.

The burdens of Government should, as far as practicable, be distributed justly and equally among all classes of our population. These general views, long entertained on this subject, I have deemed it proper to reiterate. It is a subject upon which conflicting interests of sections and occupations are supposed to exist, and a spirit of mutual concession and compromise in adjusting its details should be cherished by every part of our wide-spread country, as the only means of preserving harmony and a cheerful acquiescence of all in the operation of our revenue laws.

Our patriotic citizens in every part of the Union will readily submit to the payment of such taxes as shall be needed for the support of their government, whether in peace or war, if they are so levied as to distribute the burdens as equally as possible among them.

The republic of Texas has made known her desire to come into our Union, to form a part of our confederacy, and enjoy with us the blessings of liberty, secured and guarantied by our constitution. Texas was once a part of our country—was unwisely ceded away to a foreign power—is now independent, and possesses an undoubted right to dispose of a part or the whole of her territory, and to merge her sovereignty, as a separate and independent State, in ours.

I congratulate my country that, by an act of the late Congress of the United States, the assent of this government has been given to the re-union; and it only remains for the two countries to agree upon the terms, to consummate an object so important to both.

I regard the question of annexation as belonging exclusively to the United States and Texas. They are independent powers, competent to contract; and foreign nations have no right to interfere with them, or to take exceptions to their re-union. Foreign powers do not seem to appreciate the true character of our government.

Our Union is a confederation of independent States, whose policy is peace with each other and all the world. To enlarge its limits, is to extend the dominions of peace over additional territories and increasing millions. The world has nothing to fear from military ambition in our government.

While the Chief Magistrate and the popular branch of Congress are elected for short terms by the suffrages of those millions who must, in their own persons, bear all the burdens and miseries of war, our government cannot be otherwise than pacific.

Foreign powers should, therefore, look on the annexation of Texas to the United States, not as the conquest of a nation seeking to extend her dominions by arms and violence, but as the peaceful acquisition of a territory once her own, by adding another member to our confederation with the consent of that member—thereby diminishing the chances of war, and opening to them new and ever increasing markets for their products.

To Texas the re-union is important, because the strong protecting arm of our government would be extended over her, and the vast resources of her fertile soil and genial climate would be speedily developed; while the safety of New Orleans and of our whole southwestern frontier against hostile aggression, as well as the interests of the whole Union, would be promoted by it.

In the earlier stages of our national existence the opinion prevailed with some, that our system of confederated States could not operate successfully over an extended territory, and serious objections have, at different times, been made to the enlargement of our boundaries. These objections were earnestly urged when we acquired Louisiana. Experience has shown that they were not well founded. The title of numerous Indian tribes to vast tracts of country has been extinguished. New States have been admitted into the Union; new Territories have been created, and our jurisdiction and laws extended over them.

As our population has expanded, the Union has been cemented and strengthened; as our boundaries have been enlarged, and our agricultural population has been spread over a large surface, our federative system has acquired additional strength and security. It may well be doubted whether it would not be in greater danger of overthrow if our present population to the comparatively narrow limits of the original thirteen Sates, than it is, now that they are sparsely settled over a more expanded territory. It is confidently believed that our system may be safely extended to the utmost bounds of our territorial limits; and that, as it shall be extended, the bonds of our Union, so far from being weakened, will become stronger.

None can fail to see the danger to our safety and future peace, if Texas remains an independent State, or becomes an ally or dependency of some foreign nation more powerful than herself. Is there one among our citizens who would not prefer perpetual peace with Texas, to occasional wars, which so often occur between the bordering independent nations? Is there one who would not prefer free intercourse with her, to high duties on all our products and manufactures which enter her ports or cross her frontiers? Is there one who would not prefer an unrestricted communication [illegible] local institutions of Texas, will remain her own, whether annexed to the United States or not. None of the present States will be responsible for them, any more than they are for the local institutions of each other. They have confederated together for certain specified objects.

Upon the same principle that they would refuse to form a perpetual union with Texas, because of her local institutions, our forefathers would have been prevented from forming our present Union. Perceiving no valid objection to the measure, and many reasons for its adoption, vitally affecting the peace, the safety, and the prosperity of both countries, I shall, on the broad principle which formed the basis and produced the adoption of our Constitution, and not in any narrow spirit of sectional policy, endeavor, by all constitutional, honorable and appropriate means, to consummate the expressed will of the people and government of the United States, by the re-annexation of Texas to our Union at the earliest practicable period.

Nor will it become in a less degree my duty to assert and maintain, by all constitutional means, the right of the United States to that portion of our territory which lies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Our title to the country of the Oregon is "clear and unquestionable;" and already are our people preparing to perfect that title by occupying it with their wives and children. But eighty years ago, our population was confined on the west by the ridge of the Alleghanies. Within that period—within the lifetime, I might say, of some of my hearers—our people, increasing to many millions, have filled the eastern valley of the Mississippi; adventurously ascended the Missouri to its head springs; and are already engaged in establishing the blessings of self-government in valleys, of which the rivers flow to the Pacific.

The world beholds the peaceful triumphs of the industry of our emigrants. To us belongs the duty of protecting them adequately wherever they may be upon our soil. The jurisdiction of our laws, and the benefits of our republican institutions, should be extended over them in the distant regions which they have selected for their homes. The increasing facilities of intercourse will easily bring the States, of which the formation in that part of our territory cannot be long delayed, within the sphere of our federative Union. In the mean time, every obligation imposed by treaty or conventional stipulations should be sacredly respected.

In the management of our foreign relations, it will be my aim to observe a careful respect for the rights of other nations, while our own will be the subject of constant watchfulness. Equal and exact justice should characterize all our intercourse with foreign countries. All alliances having a tendency to jeopard the welfare and honor of our country, or sacrifice any one of the national interest, will be studiously avoided; and yet no opportunity will be lost to cultivate a favorable understanding with foreign governments, by which our navigation and commerce may be extended, and the ample products of our fertile soil, as well as the manufactures of our skilful artisans find a ready market and remunerating prices in foreign countries.

In taking "care that the laws be faithfully executed," a strict performance of duty will be exacted from all public officers. From those officers, especially, who are charged with the collection and disbursement of the public revenue, will prompt and rigid accountability be required. Any culpable failure or delay on their part to account for the moneys intrusted to them, at the times and in the manner required by law, will, in every instance, terminate the official connexion of such defaulting officer with the government.

Although, in our country, the Chief Magistrate must almost of necessity be chosen by a party, and stand pledged in its principles and measures, yet, in his official action, he should not be the President of a party only, but of the whole people of the United States. While he executes the laws with an impartial hand, shrinks from no proper responsibility, and faithfully carries out, in the Executive department of the Government, the principles and policy of those who have chosen him, he should not be unmindful that our fellow-citizens who have differed with him in opinion, are entitled to the full and free exercise of their opinions and judgments, and that the rights of all are entitled to respect and regard.

Confidently relying on the aid and assistance of the co-ordinate departments of the Government in conducting our public affairs, I enter upon the discharge of the high duties which have been assigned me by the people, again humbly supplicating that Divine Being who has watched over and protected our beloved country from its infancy to the present hour, to continue His gracious benedictions upon us, that we may continue to be a prosperous and happy people.

The following Address was made by Vice President Dallas, on taking the oath of office:

VICE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

SENATORS:—In directing the Vice President to preside at the deliberations of this body, the constitution of our country assigns to him a sphere and a duty alike eminent and grateful. Without any of the cares of real power, with none of the responsibilities of legislation, except in rare conjunctures, he is associated with the dignified delegates of republican sovereignties: he is posted by the entire American people in your confederated council, partly, it would seem, as an organ of Freedom's fundamental of Order, and partly, perhaps, as a more symbol of that more popular and "more perfect union" on which depend the blessings of our Peace, Independence and Liberty. His mission, tranquil and unimposing, is yet noble in its origin and objects, and happy, as well as proud, in its relations to you.

No one, gentlemen, can appreciate more highly or recognize more deferentially, than does the incumbent of this chair, the powers, privileges, and rules or forms of the Senate of the United States. To maintain these unimpaired and unrelaxed, he feels to be an official duty, second in impressive obligation only to his Constitutional allegiance. To their exercise the Republic owes incalculable good; and through them has been gradually achieved a wide spread fame for wisdom, justice, moderation and efficiency, unsurpassed by any assembly of statesmen in former or present times.

A calm and well adjusted system of action in this chamber carefully devised and steadily pursued by those who have preceded us in it, has indeed largely contributed to the undoubted success of our great political experiment. Instability, haste, procrastination, discourtesy, and indecision, habitually discountenanced and banished, leave, in undisturbed supremacy here, the powers of enlightened reason, and the vigor of practical patriotism. Our country reaps thence solid and substantial advantages in her policy, institutions, prospects and renown.

The citizen whom it has pleased the people to elevate by their suffrages, from the pursuits of private and domestic life, may best evince his grateful sense of the honor thus conferred, by devoting his faculties, moral and intellectual, resolutely to their service. This I shall do; yet with a diffidence unavoidable to one conscious that almost every step in his appointed path is to him new and untried, and sensible how dangerous a contrast must occur in the transfer of powers from practised to unpractised hands.

In observing, however, upon this floor, a number of those experienced and skilful statesmen on whom the nation justly looks with pride and reliance, I am assured that there can be but little danger of public disadvantage from inadvertencies or mistakes, which their counsel may readily avert or rectify.

And thus, gentlemen, while aiming frankly and impartially to exercise the functions of an unaccustomed station in the spirit of the constitution, for the enlarged and lasting purposes of a revered country, and with sincere good-will towards all, I may cherish the encouraging hope of being able, with the assent of an indulgent Providence, at once to perform my duty, and to attract your confidence.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

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NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

⁂ James is referred to the political papers, as an outlet for his dislikes and likes. We do not pretend to like the thing of which he complains any better than he does; but our opinions upon that and all other political subjects form no part of the contract between us and the readers of the Post. There are abundance of partisan papers in the Republic; and the Post, directly or indirectly, is not intended to add to the number.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Message of President Polk occupies the place in this day's paper, which is due to the Inaugural of a man holding the highest office ever conferred by the suffrages of a great people. Various comments are made upon it by the party press—to which we do not belong; and as we regard subscription to the Post as *prima facie* evidence of intelligence, we leave our intelligent readers to make their own comments.

The close of the session of Congress will leave us one department the less to look out for in our weekly labors; but the changes which must follow upon the accession of a new President will give the newspapers additional interest for a few weeks; and if, as some suppose, or as contingency may require, a special session of Congress is convened, the topics discussed will not be by any means uninteresting. We are far, however, from siding with the alarmists who are full of wars and rumors. Any interference with us by European nations we consider as entirely without the pale of probability, not to say possibility; although the latter term in the present aspect of the world's relations, would hardly be too strong. And the danger of collision with any nation upon this continent is, we apprehend, quite as distant. We have always hitherto prophesied good rather than evil; and if the Mexican Minister has demanded and received his passports, it was in pursuance of old instructions; and we are confident it will only prove the suspension of diplomatic intercourse to be renewed upon a better basis.

In the utterance of these opinions we speak neither as the champion, or as the opponent of the leading measure of the late session. Our own opinion in favor or adverse, could not alter facts—and *facts* alone we attempt to reason from, without reference to opinion. Above all things we dislike the continual seeing of sorrow in the future. While the question was pending, these considerations were valid arguments, so far as predictions can be. Now that the matter is settled there is no benefit in repeating them.

We congratulate the nation upon the passage of the Post Office Law. It is an objection to it that postage in *advance* is not in some way encouraged in the bill, and perhaps there are other things which might have been better managed. But the Bill as it stands is much better than any which has preceded it; and we hazard little in predicting that it will open the way to much more important changes.

The admission of Florida and Iowa increases the number of States in our confederacy to *twenty-eight*—to say nothing of Texas, from which we shall probably have two new States Texas and Brassos.

The Senate will hereafter comprise 56 members, or 58 including those from Texas; and the House 225, or including those from Texas, 227.

Our paper to-day presents a goodly variety of attractive miscellany, original and select—a circumstance to which we looked in the "making up," apprehending the political and legislative matter which the season calls for. That it will prove an acceptable number to our many readers, we can scarcely doubt.

IN A BAD FIX.

At the last election in Canada, the political excitement ran so high that several clergymen voted, though for doing so they were subjected by law to a fine of $2,000. Eighteen of them had been indicted for the offence, and petitioned Parliament to remit the fine. It seems that there is no prospect of their petitions being granted.

CLOSE OF CONGRESS.

We have not space, opportunity, or precise data for recording all the movements made, during the last few days of the session of Congress, nor is it necessary. To give the final result of the deliberations, or what they have effected and what they have defeated, is all that the reader will desire.

The Resolutions of the House, annexing Texas, were passed by the Senate, on Thursday, with an amendment, giving the President permission or discretion to make a new treaty with Texas the basis of annexation, if he should so desire. With this amendment they passed by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Buchanan, Colquitt, Dickinson, Dix, Fairfield, Hannegan, Haywood, Henderson, Huger, Johnson, Lewis, McDuffie, Merrick, Niles, Semple, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury—27.

NAYS—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clayton, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Foster, Francis, Huntington, Jarnigin, Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Phelps, Porter, Rives, Simmons, Upham, White, Woodbridge,—25.

On Friday the amended resolutions passed the House, 132 to 76. The Resolutions received the signature of President Tyler, and his nephew was immediately despatched to Texas with the document.

The Post Office Bill was amended in the House by the addition of a rate of 10 cents for distances over three hundred miles, and with a proviso that it shall not take effect, in any of its provisions until the 1st of July next. All the Appropriation Bills were passed, by the aid of committees of conference, each receding from some of its amendments. To the General Appropriation Bill is an amendment providing that $275,000 shall be paid certain Mexican claimants, provided it can be proved, as is asserted, that this money has been paid by Mexico, and lost through delinquency of the U. S. Agent. The provision on the Navy Appropriation Bill for paying the heirs of Robert Fulton $76,000 was lost in the Senate. A separate Bill for the same purpose passed by the Senate, was lost in the House. It is remarkable that a Bill for this purpose has six times passed the House, and *four* times the Senate, but the friends of the measure were never able to get the matter through both Houses at the same season.

Although all the Appropriation Bills passed, the Harbor Bill was lost by the President's refusing either to sign it, or to send it back. It embraced appropriations of over a million of dollars, $125,000 of which were for the Delaware River. One Bill which Mr. Tyler vetoed—the act directing that Revenue Cutters shall be built only by special act of Congress, was passed notwithstanding his veto. In the Senate there was one vote in the negative. in the House 31. This is the first instance of a Bill having been thus enacted, in the history of the country. Possibly Mr. Tyler feared the Harbor Bill would be passed in the same way, and therefore held it back. It will be remembered that he defeated a similar Bill at the last session.

The Oregon Bill of the House was called up by Mr. Atchison of Missouri, on Monday, but after a sharp debate of some moments, the Senate refused to consider it, 21 ayes, to 23 nays.

The Bill admitting the new States of Florida and Iowa, and a Bill extending the judicial system of the United States to them were passed, and received the President's signature.

The Bill in relation to the Smithsonian Bequest, and the New Fortification Bill are among those not perfected by Congress. The Bill making indemnity to American citizens, whose claims on France for Spoliations prior to 1800, were settled by Treaty, is among the Bills lost.

THE INAUGURATION.

The preparations for the Inauguration of President Polk, were somewhat interfered with on Monday, by a cold North-east storm, which much diminished the effect of the pageant. The crowd of people in Washington, was immense; and the great interest taken by the spectators, was evinced by the fact that they stood out, in large numbers, despite the rain, the reading of the Inaugural. The President [illegible]

The occasion of the Inauguration passed off without any accident, or anything farther than the unpropitiousness of the day, (which was comparatively little heeded) to mar its external display.

But the moral grandeur of such an event is in the change of the ruler of a great nation, without confusion, and in perfect peace and concord, guarded and secure in the "majesty of the people." Truly it is an impressive lesson for the representatives present from some of the foreign nations.

On Wednesday Mr. Polk sent the following cabinet nominations into the Senate:

James Buchanan, of Pa., Secretary of State.
R. J. Walker, of Miss., " Treasury.
Wm. L. Marcy, of N. Y., " War.
Geo. Bancroft, of Va., " Navy.
Cave Johnson, of Tenn., Postmaster General.
J. Y. Mason, of Va., the present Secretary of the Navy, Attorney General.

All were confirmed on the same day, except Mr. Bancroft; and it was supposed that he would be upon the meeting of the Senate on Thursday.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The New Bedford Mercury has a story which equals in romance and interest any thing that we ever read of sea life. It is a long and minute account of a mutiny which occurred on board the whaling ship Sharon, in November, 1842, and of the manner in which the ship was re-taken from the mutineers by a single person, Mr. Clough, the third mate. Some natives of Ascension Island, who had been shipped as part of the crew, mutinied, while the mate and others were in the boats taking whales, killed the captain and took possession of the ship.

The mutineers were able to keep possession of the ship until after dark, having the vantage ground, entirely. After nightfall, Mr. Clough, leaving the boat at some distance, and taking a knife in his teeth to defend himself from sharks, which had been attracted by the whale, swam to the ship, after a hard struggle of an hour and a half, during which two sharks kept him company, but did not offer to molest him. Having reached the ship he dived under, seized the rudder at the keel, and climbed up to the starboard cabin window, through which he made his entry. Laying aside his clothing, and ascertaining that no suspicion existed of his being on board, he groped about for arms, and found two cutlasses and two muskets, which he loaded. A desperate struggle with the natives ensued, in which Clough killed two of them, and gained the command of the ship. The men in the boat then came on board. The owners of the Sharon have given Mr. Clough the command of a fine ship, which, if the narrative be true, he well deserved.

A POSER.

In several parts of England the Mesmeric mystery, humbug, science, delusion, or whatever it may be termed or considered, is attracting a great deal of attention. We observe that some of the operators do not come very valiantly up to the mark. A physician in Bath has offered a challenge of £1,000 against £100 to the Mesmerists there, that no clairvoyant could read a word securely closed in a seidlitz-powder box. The challenge has been declined, the Mesmerists refusing to allow the doctor to approach the clairvoyant during the experiments, or to agree to other means proposed by him as securities against deception.

COUNTERFEIT SOVEREIGN.

A counterfeit sovereign, and a very dangerous one from the difficulty of its detection, has been sent to the U. S. Mint, in this city, to be analyzed. It bears the head of George IV., dated 1824, is of full weight and good color, true in diameter, with a little excess in thickness. It was composed of 803 thousands of gold, 122 silver, 75 copper, value $4 26. A good sovereign is worth $4 84.

EDUCATION.

We are gratified to notice any and all indications of increased attention to the subject of education, and for that reason observe with pleasure two recent movements at the West. One is that a State University is to be established in the village of Oxford, Mississippi, for which the handsome sum of $95,000 has been collected and credited to the Seminary fund, and it is expected that the sum will be increased to $160,000.

The Free Schools in the city of Natchez are to be handsomely accommodated. Alvarez Fisk, Esq., has proffered to give the city the spacious and convenient lot, with the buildings and improvements thereon, at the corner of Commerce street and Brackin's Alley, to be used for the accommodation of free schools, to be supported at the public expense. This property was sold a few years ago for $21,500, and is worth, at the present time, not less than ten thousand dollars in cash.

John Aull, of Lafayette county, Missouri, who died a year or two since in Italy, made a gift of one thousand dollars to each of the counties of Clay, Lafayette, Jackson, and Ray, to be held in trust. It is to be called the "Aull School Fund," and is to be appropriated to the education of orphan and destitute children in these counties.

In Boston we notice a fact little creditable to the gallantry of the city fathers. In the Primary Schools, the female teachers are compelled to dust and sweep the school rooms and light the fires. They are also made to carry water and sweep the side-walks!

NEW DEVELOPEMENTS.

The Miller delusion, as we learn from the Portland Argus, shews itself in a new phase in some places in Maine. In the town of Atkinson, Piscataquis county, the "receivers"—as they style themselves—of the Miller fallacies, have discovered a new theory: which is, that the day of grace has been passed, and that we are all now in eternity, and that the "awful horrors" of a general judgment are soon to be manifested to all eyes. Some of them take special pains to humble themselves, and for this purpose wash and kiss each other's feet—creep upon the floor, &c. In some instances their conduct is revolting in the extreme. Take this case, which recently occurred: A pious, virtuous woman, felt it her duty, as she stated, to appear before the assembly she was addressing entirely naked. This supposed duty she at once discharged by loosening her cloak and shawl—the only garments she had on—and letting them drop to the floor!

The Argus says that the "receivers" of this doctrine are increasing. From what we have already seen of human credulity, and of the proneness of men as well as women to run after a ridiculous delusion, it would not at all surprise us to find this new feature of the madness of fanaticism make as much headway as the other.

NEAT SWINDLE.

A roguish operation is recounted in the Paris papers, which "takes off the shine," for ingenuity, from all previous roguery which we ever heard of. A man suddenly appeared near midnight at the door of a guard-room, stripped to his shirt. It was a cold night, and hurrying to the fire when the door was opened, he stated that he had been knocked down and robbed in an adjoining street, and had with difficulty persuaded the robbers to leave his shirt. The National Guard, who were on duty, immediately despatched a force after the villains, but hastened to lend the sufferer clothes, each one some different article, in which he gratefully dressed himself, leaving his address on the table, with a promise to return the articles in the morning. He bade them cordially good night,—and that was the last they heard of him!

A FORWARD STEP.

In relation to their rights to property, women are too little protected in this country. We are glad to see any advances made toward remedying the evil. The following law just passed by the Legislature of New York, is of this character:

Section 1. Every married woman, being a resident of this state, who shall receive a patent for her own invention, pursuant to the laws of the United States, may hold and enjoy the same, and all the proceeds, benefits and profits thereof and of such invention, to her [illegible] husband and his creditors; and may transfer and dispose thereof, and in every respect perform all acts in relation thereto, in the same manner as if she were unmarried; but this act shall not authorise such married women to contract any pecuniary obligations to be discharged at any future time. *Section* 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

TRAVELLING.

We predict that the amount of travelling during the coming season will be as great, if not greater, than during any preceding year. We judge this from the fact that great competition is preparing upon all the different routes on which it is practicable. On the Hudson River, the competition has already begun, and one dollar is all the fare asked from New York to Albany. It is said that more steamboats will navigate that river, this summer, than ever before known. On Long Island Sound there will be more boats running than during any previous season; and the numerous New England Railroads will be largely patronized.

CAUTION!

We perceive that a recipe is travelling the rounds, which directs a plaster sprinkled with snuff, (!) and strong Scotch snuff too, to be applied to the thorax. We beseech such of our readers as have no desire to commit murder, to avoid all remedies of this sort. Tobacco is a most active and deadly poison; and although people become accustomed, by habit, to this and other deadly substances, it is not to be carelessly or thoughtlessly applied, unless the nurse be indifferent to the life or death of the patient.

AUTOGRAPHS.

At a late sale of autographs in London, the highest price obtained for any single letter was two pounds five shillings, for "a letter of the celebrated George Washington, dated Fairfax Co., Va." In the same collection a manuscript volume, containing five unpublished prize tales, translated into English prose, by Lord Byron, sold for six guineas. It is partly in the handwriting of Shelley, by whom it was prepared for the press. We presume the copyright does not go with the manuscript.

A COOLER.

Among the budget of anecdotes related of the Chinese, is the following. The Emperor has a band of musicians in his service, whose leader is a German. The leader, not being satisfied with the salary, presented, after a successful performance, a petitition to the Emperor, humbly requesting an increase of pay. "Give him two hundred lashes for having dared to be dissatisfied," was the august answer; "but he may retain his place, because the Barbarian's style is polite."

NEW ORLEANS.

The following statement of the exports of New Orleans for about six months shows a busy season. From the 1st of September, 1844, to February 19th, 1845, there were shipped: 478,365 bales of cotton, 13,314 hhds. of tobacco, 42,779 hhds., and 932 bbls. sugar, 7,361 hhds., and 61,698 bbls. molasses, 135,663 bbls. flour, 79,141 bbls pork, 2,115 bbls. bacon, 185,826 kegs lard, 10,583 bbls beef, 260,523 pigs lead, 11,202 bbls. whiskey, 31,319 sacks corn.

SPORT.

It is amusing to witness what curious performances idleness will drive people into. Among other "matches," we notice that recently at Ithaca, N. Y., an American and an Englishman ran a foot race in their stocking feet, in the snow, for ten dollars. They ran six miles in an hour and three quarters, the American winning by half a mile. The snow was a foot deep, and the thermometer below zero.

THE RARITAN CANAL.

The income of the Delaware and Raritan Canal has increased from $79,967 in 1840, to $131,490, in 1844—the increase being mainly attributable to the increased consumption of coal.

THE OREGON.

It is stated in some of the New York papers in relation to the Oregon matter, that in the event of a failure on the part of the negotiators at Washington, to agree upon the respective rights of the parties, the British Government have suggested the reference of the whole question to the arbitration of any European sovereign, to be designated by the Government of the United States, agreeing to abide by his award.

RATHER RICH.

It is said, that in the Ohio Legislature, a few evenings since, a bill to amend the charter of the City of Cincinnati being under consideration, one of the representatives of that city took off his coat, and laid it on his desk, swearing that he would *lick the first three men that voted for its engrossment!* It is not said whether the gentleman from Cincinnati carried his threat into execution.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S WILL.

In mentioning the verdict given in this case, we stated that it would be re-opened, or that an attempt would be made to get a new trial. Such was the intention—but the matter has been arranged by a compromise between the parties litigant. Under this compromise the slaves are liberated, and receive thirty thousand dollars, and the rest of the property goes to the heirs at law.

WHEAT.

We see it stated that the quantity of wheat stored at the West, to be forwarded this spring, is much less than at the same period last year. At Chicago, in 1844, there were 400,000 bushels; 1845, 250,000 bushels; at Michigan City, in 1844, 200,000 bushels; 1845, 150,000 bushels. The same deficiency exists in other points heard from.

BEAUTIFUL PLATE.

Mr. Mahan, of 211 Chesnut street, has published a truly splendid plate of fashions for the Spring and Summer. Conspicuous among the figures, stand two members of the State Fencibles, in their gorgeous uniform. The whole affair is got up in the remarkably good taste which marks all the publications of Mr. Mahan.

MEXICO.

It is considered, we believe, pretty certain, that the Mexican Minister to the United States has closed the Diplomatic Relations with this country—but no positive information has been received.

In relation to the annexation, it is said that Mr. Polk will prefer to negociate a treaty with Texas.

THE WARREN MURDER.

On Monday next an argument is to be heard, before the New Jersey Supreme Court, to decide whether or not a new trial ought to be granted to Peter W. Parke, accused of having participated in the Castner murder.

GOING AHEAD.

One thousand and fifteen persons within the last year, have signed the Temperance pledge of the Albany Washingtonians. This will tell well for the character of the city.

TREASURY NOTES.

The amount of U. States Treasury notes outstanding on the first instant, was $1,214,779.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Iron Houses--Reading Room for Sea Captains--Parisian Fashions--Ball at the English Ambassador's--New Ordinance--Statistics of Cotton Trade--General Condition of Britain--Anti-Inflammable Starch--Miscellaneous Matters.

Bristol, England, Feb. 2, 1845.

I think I have not dwelt sufficiently, in former letters, on the new field that appears to be opening for the iron trade in the construction of iron houses. It is quite common now to send these dwellings by the dozen to the West Indies, Australia and other British Colonies. I observe that Mr. Laycock, manufac- [illegible] very neat iron cottage for the use of two maiden ladies in the Island of St. Lucia, and I quote a description of it, that you may be informed of the style, expense, &c., of such buildings. It consists of three rooms—each nine feet high—namely, one room 20 feet by 14, and two rooms 12 by 10. There are six large *jalousie* windows, and two small ones over the front and back doors. These and the floor are the only parts made of wood. There is an inside ceiling of iron in panels, and the roof is in a wrought iron frame, and covered with galvanized plates of iron. The walls are formed of double plates of iron, with a thin stratum of air between them—an arrangement which will prevent the passing of the solar heat into the interior of the building, at least through the walls, and keep the interior delightfully cool. The weight of the building is fourteen tons, and the cost about £200. Besides houses—roofs, floors and staircases are made of iron, for dwellings, manufactories, &c., generally. These will doubtless prove great preservatives against fire, and assist the iron trade.

You will be glad to learn that an extensive Reading Room for the use of American Ship Captains, has been opened in Liverpool, on the premises occupied by Messrs. Harnden & Co., the extensive American Forwarding Agents, whose depot is in Waterloo Road. At a public breakfast given in celebration of the occasion, Capt. T. B. Cropper, of the packet ship "New York," in the chair, several excellent toasts were given. Mr. Joel W. White, U. S. Consul, Mr. Gair, of the firm of Baring & Brothers, and Captains Eldridge, of the American ship Liverpool; Cobb, Siddons, Bunker, Samuel Hicks: West, Shenandoah; Turley, Monongahela; Skiddy, of the John R. Skiddy; and many other captains were present. "A long and happy union between England and America," was a toast received with much applause. The room is to be called "Bowditch Hall," after Nathaniel Bowditch, of Boston.

I must not forget to indulge in a few remarks about the latest Parisian Fashions. The favorite dinner dress appears to be a robe of green *moire*, with apron formed of two large *bias* of velvet, corsage flat, high on the shoulders, and open in the front with *revers* of velvet, which join those of the skirt; sleeves tight, rounded at the wrist and bordered with velvet; short skirt also trimmed with velvet; under sleeves of muslin, and lace cuffs. Hat of white spotted velvet, with a long falling plume, the inside ornamented with roses. A letter from a fashionable *modiste*, says "For full dress—robe of white velvet, embroidered in white beads, forming apron. Jet is very much in fashion for embroidering robes." For evening dress—robes of shot silk, and Pardessus of lavender satin, descending lower than the knees, trimmed all round, as well as down the sides of the open front, with velvet lace—are much worn. Some ball dresses are robes of Tarlatane, trimmed with two lace flowers, one falling over the other—looped up with rose colored anemones. In walking-dresses, velvets trimmed with ermine, *have been* worn, but the latter is becoming too common, from the facility and cheapness with which it is imitated. "Velvets"—says one writer—"are *à la mode* in every sense, and for almost every article of female dress, morning or evening. Ball-dresses are looped up with rosettes of lace. One of the most beautiful robes lately turned out by Camille, was in rose-colored velvet, with three flounces in point d'Alencon. With this robe was worn a head-dress of point, trimmed with rose and silver ribbons, with two long lappets trimmed with fringe." Camille has just finished a robe for Queen Victoria, of a very novel form as regards the skirt, which as well as the whole dress, is of very rich pink satin. There are three flounces, which begin at the waist, and are cut open at intervals—each opening being terminated by a small bouquet of roses.

But enough of the fashions. I cannot, however, quit fashionable life without a passing remark upon the *fete* recently given at the English Ambassador's, in Paris. It was by far the most splendid of the season, and was besides distinguished by a grand Amateur performance of Sheridan's play of the School for Scandal. Joseph Surface—by Lord Leveson; Lady Teazle, by Lady Leveson; Mrs. Candour, by Lady Duffrein; Lady Sneerwell, by Lady Essex; Maria, by Lady Seymour; Charles Surface, by Mr. Charles Sheridan. There were three of Sheridan's grand-children in this performance of his own best comedy! The afterpiece of Charles II., was performed—Captain Copp, by Mr. Lawrence Peel. All went off well—and the party was more than usually select. One thousand thirty-two pounder cannons, have just been ordered to be cast for the Government, at the Low Moor Iron Works—some, I believe, to replace old guns. The increase on the last quarter's revenue was £557,723. Sir Robert Peel intends to modify the Income Tax. The traffic on the principal railways of Great Britain, within the last six months, amounted to £3,264,450. One hundred and ninety-four miles on the Great Western Railroad, were run over, a few days since, in four hours and twenty-five minutes. The Bank of England has paid Rogers & Co., Bankers, the £48,000 stolen from that firm, on receiving a guarantee for the stolen notes, should they ever be so presented at the Bank of England, as to render payment necessary. Deaf Burke, the prize-fighter, died in London, a few days since.

The French papers think that the opening of China will prove but of little benefit to France—the trade being overloaded by the English and the Americans. In addition to this, it should be remembered that England and America are the two great tea-drinking nations. Very little tea is consumed in France. It is ascertained by recent statistics of the cotton trade, that the number of spindles used in that fabric, is nearly double the number used in all the world besides. A number of the Clergy in Devon and Cornwall, continue to use the surplice in the pulpit, notwithstanding the opposition of their Bishop. Mr. Thomas Gallimore, surgeon, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for having caused the death of Mrs. Warwick, by grossly ignorant treatment. Several beautiful articles of dress have been made for the Queen, at Bradford, Yorkshire, from a single fleece of an Alpaca, which weighed sixteen and a half pounds! A large quantity of horse and lard oil has been seized at Paris—while in process of conversion into olive or salad oil! The two engines on board the new steam frigate "Terrible," are each of four hundred horse power. The trade, manufactures and commerce of this country, were never in a more prosperous condition than at the present time. There were 1,064 bankrupts in England, Wales and Scotland, in 1844. A new article, called the "anti-inflammable starch," has just been invented by Baron Wetterstedt. It renders linen indestructible by fire. The monster steamship "Great Britain," met with the severest storm that has blown this winter, on her voyage from this port to London—but the screw propeller succeeded in getting her through the roaring waves in safety, although a ship of such vast magnitude. Mr. Consul Pritchard, who was recently the cause of such a respectable dust and clatter at Tahiti, and who was so shamefully treated by the French—has been sent by Government on a mission to the Navigator's Islands. Except the Sandwich, this group is the most populous in the Pacific Ocean;—the present inhabitants amounting to 60,000. A Grand Royal Fête was to take place a day or two ago, at Versailles—given by the king, Louis Philippe—for which fifteen thousand invitations were to be issued.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Supreme Court of Illinois, on the 11th inst., decided a very important case which was taken up on the part of Joseph, a man of color, from the St. Clair Circuit Court. They decided that all the children born of French slaves in the State since the ordinance of 1793, are free. The bench was divided, seven being in favor, and two against it.

☞ When the pardon of Governor Mouton, of Louisiana, was announced to one of the convicts in the Penitentiary at Baton Rouge, on Monday evening week, he dropped dead, it is supposed, in consequence of the sudden sensation of joy produced by that delightful information.

☞ The Legislature of the State of Missouri, has passed an act in conformity to the law of the United States, for dividing the State into districts for the choice of Representatives in Congress.

☞ The Ohio Bank Bill has become a law, both Houses concurred in the report of a Committee of Conference.

Local Intelligence.

HOUSE OF REFUGE.

The annual report of this institution continues the public confidence in its usefulness as an establishment preventive of vice. Among the facts in the last report we select the following:

During the year ending the 1st of January, 1845, there were admitted 69 boys, 37 girls—total 106. The number of discharges during the same period were 72 boys, 44 girls—total 116. Remaining on the 1st of January, 1845, 107 boys, 51 girls—total 158. Of those admitted 57 were born in the city and county of Philadelphia; other parts of Pennsylvania 9; New York 7; New Jersey 2, Ohio 1, Vermont 1; Delaware 1; Connecticut 1, Canada 1; England 4; Ireland 4, Germany 2; the remainder not ascertained. During the past year 37 boys and 23 girls were indentured; 15 boys were sent to sea; 14 boys and 7 girls returned to friends; 1 boy and 9 girls discharged, because of age; 2 boys and 5 girls discharged, not proper subjects; 1 boy absconded while employed outside, and 1 boy escaped. As an evidence of the excellent health enjoyed by the occupants, it may be stated that but one death has occurred during the year. Of the boys indentured, 12 were to boot and shoemakers, 2 to blacksmiths, 2 to storekeepers, 1 to a confectioner, 1 to a cabinetmaker, 1 to a Venitian blind maker, 1 to a printer, 1 to a cooper, and the remainder to farmers. The girls all do housewifery.

WELCH SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Society, held March 1st, the following officers were chosen: President, James Glentworth; Vice President, Charles Humphreys; Treasurer, Joseph Worrell; Secretary, Stephen B. Lasalle; Register, William J. Bedlock; Physicians, Dr. James Bryan, Dr. William Wetherill; Councillors, John M. Read, Esq., Nathan R. Potts, Esq; Stewards, A. H. Morris, Jeremiah James, Thomas Evans, John Thomas, S. Morris Lynn, Edward P. Jones, J. Ogden Evans.

☞ Quite an assortment of burglar's tools, skeleton keys, nippers, centre bits, &c., were discovered on Monday under a small bridge in Broad Street. The same ingenuity and industry which roguery requires, if applied to an honest calling, would give the practitioners a handsome support.

☞ There were several false alarms of fire on Sunday night, and as is almost always the case when false alarms are given, several fights. There seems to be a necessary connection between rows and false alarms, which argues design.

☞ The steamboats which ply on the Delaware are commencing their regular trips for the season. It is hardly possible that ice should interfere with them, but there will be some days in March rather fresh for a pleasure trip.

☞ Edward W. Farquahr has been appointed by the Governor of Rhode Island to be Commissioner for the State of Pennsylvania to take acknowledgments of deeds, &c.—his office is No. 56 Walnut street.

☞ The Times states that the Bank of Commerce of this city, has become one of the Government Deposite Banks.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent* and *E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

RURAL ECONOMY, *in its relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology; or Chemistry applied to Agriculture. By J. B. Boussingault, member of the Institute of France, &c., &c. Translated, with an Introduction and notes. By George Law, Agriculturalist.* 1 vol, 16 mo. *Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia*: 1845. The science of chemistry, as applied to agriculture, has lately attracted much attention, and is destined to attract even more as population increases, and the soils on our eastern seaboard become still further exhausted. Had the present knowledge on the subject of soils, crops, compost manures, &c., existed fifty years ago, and been practically applied, vast portions of Virginia and other States, which, from being the richest, have become the most impoverished lands in the country, would not now be left almost a desert, with tumble-down fences, decaying mansions and fields changing fast to forests. On the contrary the noble old estates of our forefathers would yield as abundant crops as ever. Farming is, indeed, as much a science as medicine and law. To raise a bushel of wheat, a certain amount of alkali must be taken from the soil and consumed in the nourishment of the grain; and unless the same amount of alkali is replaced, next year, by manures containing it, or otherwise, the land is so far forth poorer. The same fact applies to all vegetable products raised on farms; and land can only be reinvigorated by manures, or by a rotation of crops, or by suffering it to lie fallow. Agriculturalists are beginning to turn their attention to this subject; and scientific farming, as it is called, is daily winning advocates. The time has gone by when a man carries his corn to a mill, with a stone in one end of his bag, because his fathers did it before him. Improvements are sought after; the aid of chemistry is invoked; and, as a consequence, crops are doubled. It is by understanding this subject practically, that in Flanders, and many parts of Germany, such enormous crops are raised. Indeed, it is as susceptible of demonstration as a problem in geometry, that, for a given quantity of manure containing the right elements, a certain number bushels of wheat, corn, or other grain can be raised; and the reason why prairie and other wild lands in the west are so rich, is because the decomposition of grass, leaves, &c., for a long series of years, has as effectually bestowed the necessary alkalies on the land as if it had been manured.

This work is from a French writer, who has bestowed much attention on the subject; and every practical agriculturalist will find advantage in perusing it. Mr. Boussingault effectually teaches how two blades of grass may be made to grow where but one sprung up before, and so, according to the old saying, has proved himself a benefactor of mankind.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Edited by John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S., Alexander Tweedie, M. D., F. R. S., and John Conolly, M. D. Revised, with Additions, by Robley Dunglison, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have now the XXIVth and concluding number of this valuable work, of which we have frequently spoken during its progress. The whole forms four large volumes, to each of which an index is prefixed, in addition to the general index which is appended to the first volume.

The number of contributors to this standard medical library, for it is no less, is sixty-nine; all of them physicians of good repute, and many of them of high eminence. The additions by the American editor embrace not only articles upon diseases peculiar to this country and climate, but, in many places, additional facts and observations upon other diseases. These additions are included in brackets, that the respective authors may be distinctly responsible for their own matter. We have no need to recommend the work to the Profession, since it has already found its way; but if this notice call the attention of any person to whom a work of the kind will be useful, he will be obliged to us for the suggestion.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN EGYPT: *Letters from Cairo, written during a residence there in 1842, 3 and 4, with E. W. Lane, Esq., author of "The Modern Egyptians." By his sister.* 1 vol. 16mo. *G. B. Zieber & Co.*, 1845. This is a charming book, written with considerable liveliness and containing many new facts, relative to society in Egypt, not before known to Europeans. The author, Poole, is a sister of the celebrated traveller, Lane, and was induced to visit Cairo, at her brother's solicitation, chiefly to obtain information respecting the hareem life of the women of the East. In this object she succeeded, though compelled, in order to effect it, to clothe herself in the costume of the Egyptian women. Her account of the manner in which the ladies of Cairo spend their time, and her remarks on the peculiar social system of the orientals are highly interesting. Some extracts from this lively work will be found on our last page.

PASTORAL LETTERS. *Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle.*—The publisher has here given the Protestant Episcopal public, all the Pastoral Letters of the House of Bishops, from 1808 to 1844, prefaced with an introduction by Dr. Tyng. The volume is neat and portable, and we are surprised to be reminded by it, that this is the first time these letters have been thus collected. The denomination principally interested, will buy large editions of what must be considered a standard.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The February number of this journal, fac simile reprint has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson*. This Magazine has now deservedly passed to classification, as a staple, with readers. Well balanced minds can only be kept so by seeing all sides of an argument; and nobody, like Old Kit North, can plead the merits and dues of conservatism. The literary matter is attractive and excellent.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. This work for February, received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson*, keeps up its uniform raciness and cheerful philosophy. There are some capital hits in the editorial table, and among the other contents instruction and amusement. The latter predominates in an article which we have copied into this day's Post.

MOUNT SOREL. This is the title of a new novel published by the *Harpers*, and for sale by *Ferrett & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson*. It is by the author of "Two Old Mens' Tales," and is an affecting and well written romance.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—No. 20 has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson*. It brings the work down to the VIth of Ezra, and in point of engravings, is one of the most beautiful numbers published.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The number for March contains a most searching article against the late President, John Tyler, and a freely written notice of all the Presidents.

☞ Smith's Weekly Volume.—No. 10, contains "The Quaker Family," by the author of Clan Albin.

Casualties.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The train of cars from Philadelphia to Baltimore, on Saturday last, ran over a bull near Elkton, by which the nearest passenger car was thrown off the track, and rolled down an embankment seven feet high. The next car followed, and was also upset. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, and after some time the wreck was cleared from the track, and the passengers got on by a special train. Among these persons were Mr. Clayton, Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Bancroft.

☞ As a number of workmen in the Foundry of J. D. Spear & Co., Mobile, were preparing to run the moulds for a large casting, on the 13th ultimo, an immense kettle, containing eight thousand pounds of molten iron, was upset and its contents thrown out, severely burning John Cason, Thomas Stevenson, John Christian and four negroes. It was feared some of them would lose limbs.

☞ The Cincinnati Enquirer, says the steamer Meteor, recently on her upward trip, above that city, burst one of her steam pipes, by which four men were killed. The steamboat Blue Ridge, when backing out from the wharf at Cincinnati, burst a connection pipe, scalding the engineer and a German deck passenger very badly, and considerably injuring the boat.

☞ At a shooting-match near Teachout's tannery, in Wayne county, N. Y., a few days ago, a young man named Vanderbelt, was accidentally shot by one Henry Teachout. The ball entered the back of Mr. Vanderbelt, and passed through the heart, or some of the large blood-vessels near it. He died instantly. Mr. Teachout is in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

☞ Charles McCauley, a young man in the employ of Capt. H. McAtee, at Bel Air, Md., met with a shocking death, on the 18th ult., by falling from a load of hay upon a pitchfork, which entered the lower part of his abdomen, tearing him in a shocking manner.

☞ Mr. Luke Kendall, of Marlboro', N. H., was killed, a short time since, at the new scythe factory of Messrs. J. T. Farwell & Co., in that town, by the bursting of a grindstone upon which he was at work.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER TWELVE.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM—NATIONAL GALLERY—ITALIAN OPERA—PARKS—MORALITY OF LONDON.

London, August 22, 1844.

On our way to the Museum we passed the gloomy walls of Newgate, at the entrance of Holborn street. Close beside it is the Old Bailey, where the Criminal Courts are still held. Here Holborn Hill commences, along which we walked for some distance of our way. The display of shops here is very brilliant, but it seemed quiet compared with the noise of the Strand. The Museum is open to the public four days in the week. It is at present undergoing repairs, so that we were prevented from seeing the vast library connected with it. The building was originally the residence of the Duke of Montague, but many additions have been still made to it, and some idea of the vast collection of objects of natural history, marbles, &c., may be gained when I mention that it takes at least two hours to walk through the rooms, cursorily glancing at the curiosities. Hall opens upon hall, filled with glass cases in which are arranged collections of shells, minerals and animals, perfectly innumerable. The number of works of antiquity, is nearly as great, I should think, as any other Museum in Europe. The remains fill more than twenty grand halls, and include the Elgin Marbles, the spoils of the Parthenon, the Fellows' Marbles, brought from the ancient city of Xanthus, and Sir William Hamilton's collection of Italian antiquities. In one room are the figures from the front of a temple in Egina, in the original position; the fac-simile of the temple being in wood, and the walls of this and the Elgin Saloon are in imitation of variegated marble. It was painful to see the friezes of the Parthenon in such a place, broken and defaced as they are. Rather let them moulder back to dust on the ruin from which they were torn! Among the spoils were the capital of one of the columns of the Parthenon, a statue of Hyperion rising out of the sea, a group of the three fates, and several columns containing inscriptions.

The Egyptian Hall is even more interesting. One walks between rows of colossal statues and massive sarcophagi, covered entirely with the most elaborate sculpture. There is a colossal head found by Belzoni, at Karnac, and if the body was in the same proportions, it must have been at least thirty feet high. There is also a colossal statue of Memnon, presented by Burckhardt, which is of black granite, nearly perfect, and covered with a beautiful polish. Over the door is the cast of the head of a statue in the rock-temple of Ipsambool, which is ten feet high. On every side are monkeys, ibises, and grinning mummies look out from their sarcophagi. It would take at least a month to go regularly through the whole vast collection.

From hence we went to National Gallery, on Trafalgar Square, which is also open four days in the week to the public. The original collection cost £57,000, but it has since received many additions. In the entrance hall, a fine statue of Wilkie has just been erected, in a side of the pedestal of which is his pallete, in a glass case. The collection itself is invaluable. Almost every picture is from a celebrated master, and many of them are treasures in themselves. There is one of Raphael, several of the Caracci, Guido, Rubens, Claude, Correggio, besides modern artists, but if I could take my choice of the whole collection, I would prefer two by Murillo—St. John and the Holy Family. The latter with a Christ of Corregio, cost £11,000. St. John is represented as a boy in the woods, fondling a lamb. It is a glorious head. The dark curls cluster round his fair brow, and the large dark eyes seem already glowing with inspiration, but there is an innocence, a childish sweetness in the expression of the countenance, I have never seen in painting, except in the child Christ of the Holy Family. There is in this face a blending of the rapt divinity of the God, with the purity and simplicity of the child, that one could not but admire, and even adore. The two were constantly surrounded by ladies, and no pictures better deserved the preference. There is also a fine picture by Rubens, of the Brazen Serpent. The expression in the face of the prophet is a tearful anxiety, as he points the people from their agony to the relief they will not accept. There is an agony depicted in the countenance of a mother, as regardless of every thing else, she strives to save her child from the serpent, that is most painfully natural. In the rooms dedicated to English artists, are West's Christ healing the sick, Lawrence's portrait of West, portraits of Kean, and Mrs. Siddons, Hogarth's portrait of himself, together with his series of the Rake's Progress, and several by Sir Joshua Reynold's. Two of Wilkie's inimitable scenes are there, and constantly surrounded by admirers.

By good fortune, we attended the last night but one of the Italian opera, at the Royal Theatre, and heard Lablache, Mario, Fornasari and Grisi, in *Il Puritani*, and saw Cerito and Ellsler in the ballet. This theatre has five tiers of boxes, and can contain from 3,000 to 4,000 persons, yet it was perfectly crowded. Of the singing—what can be said, when such a galaxy of talent is combined! Portions of it were magnificent beyond description. Lablache has the most powerful voice I ever heard, and Mario the most musical, but I was rather disappointed in Grisi, her singing seems to have too much art—not enough of soul in it. Ellsler appeared in a new ballet called "*Le Delire d'un Peintre*," consisting of a series of the most beautiful tableaux. It might be called the poetry of attitudinizing. I was more pleased, however, with Cerito, who floated through the air with a perfect contempt of gravity. She moved through the crowd of nymphs like a fairy that had come to mock them with her unearthly powers. I saw the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge in one of the boxes.

We have passed nearly a day visiting the *lungs* of London, as somebody calls the two grand Parks. From the Strand we passed through two or three streets to the Quadrant, a street describing a quarter of a circle, having on each side a splendid portico supported by pillared and occupied by the most showy stores. One is constantly surprised in London by some new form of splendor. From here through the Regent Circus, the centre of the fashionable part of the city, we passed to Piccadilly, calling on the way to see our old friends, the Iowas. They are exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, in Mr. Catlin's Indian Collection, where he accompanies the exhibition with lectures descriptive of their customs. The old braves knew us instantly, and seemed very glad to see us, particularly Blister Feet, who used to hop a line on the deck with me at sea. They will leave shortly for Paris. Further along Piccadilly is Apsley House, in the Park is the colossal statue of Achilles, from designs by Westmacott, cast from cannon taken at Salamanca and Vittoria. Hyde Park is like an open common, with here and there groves of trees, except in the western extremity, where it is regularly laid out. It is like getting into the country again, to be out on the broad green field, with the city seen dimly around through the smoky atmosphere. The broad street leading to the eastern entrance of Regent's Park is unequalled in architectural beauty, particularly opposite Park Square and Park Crescent, where it is a perfect succession of princely mansions. The Park comprises 365 acres, laid out in walks, lawns, lakes, &c. We walked for a mile or two along the shady avenues, and over the green lawns. In the centre is the Zoological Garden. Most fortunately we have had fine weather ever since we have been here, and indeed, but two rainy days since landing, which is somewhat different from what we expected.

But if London is unequalled in splendor it is also unsurpassed in crime. Notwithstanding the large and efficient body of police, who do a great deal towards the control of vice, one sees enough of degradation and brutality in a short time to make his heart sick. Even the public thoroughfares are thronged at night with characters of the lowest description, and in some of the narrow, bye-haunts of the old city, it must be much worse. It is even dangerous to go through these in day-time. I have wished to visit some of those portions of the city inhabited by the lowest and most miserable classes, but as we leave this afternoon, I shall not have time. The police who are ever on the watch, immediately seize and carry off any offender, but from the statements of persons who have had an opportunity of observing, as well as my own slight experience, I am convinced there is an untold amount of misery and crime. London is one of the wonders of the world, but there is reason to believe it is one of the curses of the world also; though in fact, nothing but an active and unceasing philanthropy can prevent any city from becoming so. Let *ours* take heed in time.

J. B. T.

Disasters.

☞ The horses attached to one of the stages belonging to the line of Messrs. Peters & Co., between Washington and Baltimore, ran off near Elk Ridge, on Friday night week, and coming to a bridge the stage was upset, and the horses were thrown over a precipice. Two of them were killed, and another was seriously injured. Fortunately the passengers had got out whilst the stage had been stopped for a short time.

MARINE DISASTER.—The schooner Brothers, which left Niagara, Canada West, on the 13th ult., for Toronto, has been found capsized about twenty-five miles down on this side of Lake Ontario, sails all up, and main and foremast broken. It is feared that the crew and passengers, nine in number, have all perished, nothing having been heard of them.

☞ A boat belonging to the British ship St. Martine, while coming up the river to Savannah, Geo., on the 27th ult., struck one of the spiles near Fig Island, and sank immediately. There were thirteen persons in the boat, two of whom were drowned, one, a seaman, named Thomas Dillon, and an Irishman, name unknown.

New York City.

THE M. P.'s.—The Police force of New York City, now wear on their dress the initials M. P., to designate their business. The corps contains two hundred privates, with a yearly salary of $500, sixteen sergeants, $550 each, a superintendent $1,250, eight captains $700, and eight assistants $600. The aggregate annual expense is $120,000. The New York True Sun tells the amusing story, that this corps have sent in a memorial to the Corporation, complaining of the regulations to which they are subjected, because they interfere with their "*social enjoyment!*" If this be true, we think it the coolest thing we ever heard of. Who goes upon the Police establishment for the sake of *social enjoyment?* "We want to know!"

☞ The New York Herald states, that masked balls are becoming quite fashionable in New York. We doubt the truth of this. *Quite* fashionable indicates a great deal, and newspapers are quite prone to generalise from quite little. No doubt, amid the heterogeneous population of the sister city, all sorts of things, the most vicious not excepted, are continually practised in their respective spheres. But this does not make any one of them generally fashionable.

☞ Rich men never lack the credit of wit. The following is a good one, whether true or not:—A poor German relative of Mr. Astor's (the New York Millionaire,) arrived, not long since, and applied to the old man for charity. Mr. A. gave a five dollar bill. "Why," said the discontented relative, "your son just gave *ten* dollars!" "Well he may," said the old man—"the dog has a rich father!"

☞ The value of importations of foreign merchandize into New York, for January and February, 1845, was $2,076,306 less than for the same months in 1844, while the duties received for January and February, 1845, were only $20,200 less than for the corresponding months in 1844.

☞ One of the newspapers states that *one person out of every five in New York receives aid from the hand of charity.* More newspaper generalising, probably. It may be true, but we will not believe it without the figures and facts.

☞ A child, three years old, named Ellen Shannon, died in New York, a day or two ago, from "injuries received from its clothes catching on fire, owing to the culpable negligence and gross carelessness of its mother."

☞ The Croton Water Works would appear to have commenced to "pay." The amount of receipts, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1844, was $119,773 50. Expenditures for the same period, $84,619 79.

General News.

☞ The Railroad from Grand Gulf to Port Gibson, Miss., is to be finished at last. All the difficulties which have heretofore prevented the completion of this road are now removed, and we learn from the Port Gibson Herald, that the sum required for the purchase of "the right of way," amounting to the sum of $10,000, has been liberally subscribed by its citizens, and the agent of the road has, it is said, gone to Philadelphia to complete the arrangement by which the necessary funds, (some $50,000) will be raised for finishing the railroad.

☞ The Michigan Centre Railroad will be in full blast to Kalamazoo the ensuing summer; and a bill is now pending in the Michigan Legislature, appropriating 140,000 acres of the State lands to complete the road to St. Joseph, its Western termination. When this last link is completed, the journey can be made from Boston to Chicago in eighty-four hours.

☞ A new trial in the case of Mary Conrad, vs. Joseph B. Williams, both of Ithaca, New York, for breach of promise of marriage, has resulted in a disagreement of the jury, after an absence of nineteen hours. The first trial gave the plaintiff $8 000 damages. It is doubtful whether anything like that verdict will ever be obtained in the case again.

☞ Charles Wellington, of West Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Boston, has sold 2,500 barrels of winter apples from his orchard the past autumn. Of these, 500 were packed for the Canton (China,) market—each apple being selected, and rolled up in paper, like Sicily oranges.

☞ A St. John, New Brunswick, paper says, that a person who was deaf and dumb in that city, has been made to speak and hear, by the agency of Mesmerism. This is *rather* a hard story.

☞ The citizens of Cincinnati have decided, by a majority of 721, against authorising the corporation to borrow $200,000 for the erection of public buildings.

FATAL DUEL.—The Savannah, Geo., Republican of the 25th ult., says:—From information received from Augusta last evening, we learn that an affair of honor took place near that city last week, between Mr. John Partlow, of Abbeville District, and Mr. Burton, of Laurens District, S. C. The parties fought with muskets at ten paces, and Mr. Burton was killed.

☞ The long contested suit, Washington County, Maryland, against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, for the recovery of one million of dollars, was decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the railroad, on Friday week.

☞ A serious break occurred in the Miami Canal, near Middletown, Ohio, some days since, which it will require three weeks to repair.

☞ The Supreme Court of the United States will close its session on the 8th inst. No new argument will be received after the 5th.

☞ The receipts of the American Board of Missions, from all sources, during the month of January, amounted to $25,669 73.

☞ The water has been let into the Tide Water Canal, and the first boat arrived at Columbia, Pa., on Thursday week.

Personal News.

☞ We learn from the Baptist Advocate, of this week, that Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Devan arrived safe at Hong Kong, Oct. 23. The doctor, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Shuck, was received with the greatest kindness by the Civil and Military officers of Kouloon; and the Mandarins unhesitatingly placed at his disposal, a commodious Temple, situated in a beautiful grove near the town, which is to be used hereafter as a Dispensary, and a Christian Church. The School is flourishing.

☞ Horace Greeley, Esq., editor of the New York Tribune, delivered a Lecture on "Society" before the Murray Institute, in Baltimore, last week. A Lecture from Mr. G cannot fail to be interesting. He is an original thinker, and independent in the expression of his convictions. With less glitter and splash, he has more depth than thousands of more pretensions; and never attempts to make up in flippancy and impudence, what he lacks in knowledge.

☞ The Governor of Kentucky, has pardoned Miss Delia A. Webster, convicted of abducting slaves; and she is before this, on her way to Vermont. She was very respectfully treated in prison, and not subjected to the humiliation of having her hair cut, etc.

☞ We notice the death, at Goshen, on the 23d ultimo, of Gen. James W. Wilkins, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was a soldier of the Revolution, a classmate of De Witt Clinton, and often a member of the New York Legislature and of Congress.

☞ Von Raumer, the Prussian traveller in the United States, has reached Berlin, and is about to publish an account of his tour, which will be written in a favorable spirit in relation to the institutions of this country.

☞ On the 8th ult., Dr. C. W. Flanagan, died at his residence in Paris, Monroe county, Mo. He was a member of the Missouri Legislature for several years, and a high minded and public spirited citizen.

☞ Noah Cook, Esq., of New York City, died, recently, at Rochester. He was well known throughout the whole Canal Line as an active forwarding merchant, and had been a prominent politician.

☞ Jonathan Lovejoy, well known to travellers, as for many years the host of "Lovejoy's Hotel," died, in New York, on Sunday. He was a liberal and most estimable citizen.

☞ Charles King, Esq., late Editor of the New York American, delivers an Oration before the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, in May next.

☞ An old negro servant of Gen. Washington, Samuel Anderson, a native of Africa, died near Mount Vernon, on the 20th ult., aged about 100 years.

☞ The Rev. Paul Eugene Stevenson, late of Staunton, Va., has been installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Williamsburgh, Long Island.

☞ Lieut. Robbins, of the Marine Corps, destroyed himself on Friday, at the New York Naval Hospital, while in a state of mental derangement.

☞ Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, has been chosen President of the Historical Society, just organized in that State.

☞ The Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer, announces the death of the Hon. Waddy Thompson, Sr., at an advanced age.

☞ James Cartlidge, a Revolutionary soldier, aged ninety years, died, recently, in Columbia county, Ga.

☞ Dr. Phineas Bradley, formerly Assistant Postmaster General, died, in Washington, on the 28th ult.

Army & Navy.

PACIFIC SQUADRON.—Via Chagres and Kingston, we have news from the Pacific to Jan. 15. The U. S. ship Savannah, Capt. Armstrong, and the Warren, Capt. Hull, were on the Pacific, Coast of Mexico, 1st of Jan., and were expected at Callao latter part of February. The Levant was at Callao, and would leave the middle of February, to convey Mr. Pickets to Panama, on his way to the United States. Commodore Sloat arrived at Callao on the 27th of December, and hoisted his flag on board the Levant 29th. The report that the Warren had lost sixty of her men by dysentery was untrue. That ship was at the Sandwich Islands 20th of July, and had only lost three men.

☞ Captain Hannum, at New York, from Gibraltar, January 29, reports that the U. S. store ship Lexington, from New York, for Port Mahon; did not touch at Gibraltar. The U. S. squadron was at Port Mahon, Jan. 20. Mr. Sanford, assistant engineer of the U. S. steam frigate Missouri, would return home in the Lexington.

☞ Mr. Robert L. Stevens is building at Hoboken, for the United States, a Steam Battery, at a cost of half a million of dollars, and it will probably continue to employ for two years from one to two hundred hands.

☞ Captain Day, of the United States Revenue cutter Crawford, who has been for some time past on the Savannah station, has been ordered to Key West, to take command of the U. S. steamer Legare.

☞ The steamer Princeton has been ordered by the President to the Mediterranean. She will be attended by the sloops of war Saratoga, St. Mary's and Porpoise.

Fires.

FIRE NEAR SAVANNAH.—At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of February, a fire broke out in the steam saw mill on Fig Island, owned by Jos. H. Baldwin, of that city, and General Newhall, of Boston, and which, together with all the outbuildings, and a large quantity of sawed lumber, in readiness for shipment, were entirely consumed. Loss of mill and fixtures estimated at $20,000. Lumber destroyed, valued at $5,000. There was insurance on the mill to the amount of ten thousand dollars, five thousand in the agency of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., and five thousand in the agency of the Ætna Insurance Company, of Hartford.

☞ At Newark, on Wednesday, a fire broke out in a barn belonging to Mr. John D. Coe, in the rear of his wood turning and sawing shop. The barn was consumed, together with one end of the shop, containing the mill and other horse-power fixtures.

☞ Letters received from St. John, P. R., state that the amount of property consumed in the late fire, is estimated at $150,000 or $200,000.

DISASTROUS FIRE.—A very calamitous fire occurred at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, on the night of the 3d of February. Upwards of two hundred houses were burned, and the loss is estimated at two millions of dollars. All business was suspended—stores closed—the greater part of the inhabitants being made destitute by the awful calamity. A public meeting was held, to devise some plan to afford relief, at which the Governor of the Island presided.

☞ We learn from the Germantown Telegraph that the dwelling house of Mr. Spencer Roberts, on Church Lane, about one mile and a half north of that borough, took fire by a spark from the chimney, about half past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon last, by which the roof and upper story were destroyed. The damage sustained was about $1,000, but we are happy to know that Mr. Roberts was fully insured.

☞ On Wednesday night, a fire broke out in Front street, in this city, between Walnut street and Norris' Alley, consuming the rear buildings, as well as the interior of the four tenements on Front street, occupied in part by Silas Frost, brass founder, Henry McClerne, blacksmith, and Wm. Steele, starch manufacturer. A large number of colored persons barely escaped with their lives.

☞ On the night of the 10th ultimo the large wooden building owned and occupied by Messrs. J. H. and J. Martine in Fayetteville, N. C., was destroyed by fire. The loss was about $18,000, only half of which was insured.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 27. The Bill authorizing suits to be brought against public defaulters was passed, amended to require transcripts to be entered in other counties. The Bill relating to Woodland Cemetery passed final reading.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Trego, from the Committee on Education, reported a Bill to continue the present system of education by Common Schools. This Bill has been prepared by Mr. Trego with great care, and revises and consolidates some twelve or fifteen acts passed at various times on this important subject. 300 extra copies were ordered printed.

IN SENATE, Friday, Feb. 28. The Bill to form a new county called Blair was negatived, by a tie vote on the second reading. The Bill relative to the District Court of Philadelphia, and several other bills, were reported.

IN THE HOUSE, a Bill was passed to vacate Master street, Kensington. A great many resolutions, &c., were introduced and acted upon. Several reports were made, and among them, one by the Auditor General, in relation to the number and enrolments of Inspectors in Philadelphia, as reported at his office by said Inspectors. The most important is Flour Inspector. The value of the articles inspected by him in 1844, was $2,794,983. His fees, 5,919 14. Expenses, $3,662 95. The other inspectorships are much less important.

The Bill to pay the troops called out during the riots, was called up and considered. It was at last recommitted to the Select Committee, with instructions to make specific appropriations to each officer and soldier.

The General Appropriation Bill was reported, and made the special order of the day for Monday, March 10.

Mr. Cooper's bill, providing that all officers voted for at any one election be on one piece of paper, was, after some amendments had been made, negatived, 56 to 33.

IN SENATE, Saturday March 1.—A bill for the relief of the Pennsylvania Hospital, passed second reading with an amendment, offered by Mr. Champneys, to exempt all the Poor Houses and Insane Hospitals in the State from taxation.

The following nominations of Associate Judges were confirmed. Dauphin, John C. Barber; *Schuylkill, S. N. Palmer; York, Samuel C. Bonham.*

The bill from the House, to incorporate the Wisconisco Canal Company, to finish the Canal, was then taken up.

IN THE HOUSE, a report from the Committee on Claims, adverse to the claims for damages caused by State agents, was referred back to the Committee on Claims, with instructions to report a bill for the relief of such persons as have sustained damage.

Mr. McCaslin offered a resolution calling upon the State Treasurer for the names of such County Treasurers as have neglected returns under the Militia Law of last session.

Mr. Barrell, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to tax State Stocks, accompanied with a report, agreed to by a majority of the Committee. Mr. Cooper, on the part of the minority, made a counter report.

IN SENATE, Monday, March 3d.—Messrs. Dimmock, Ross, and Carson, were appointed a Committee on the subject of the privileges asked for by the New York and Erie Canal Company. On motion of Mr. Champneys a Select Committee was also appointed to bring in a bill to regulate the standard of Weights and measures in this State, so as to confirm to the laws of the U. States on that subject.

The Senate then took up on second reading the bill to incorporate a Company to complete the Wisconisco Canal, called the Wisconisco Canal Company, and the same, after some discussion passed final reading—yeas 25, nays 2.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Hill, from the Committee on the Militia System, to whom was recommitted the Bill for the payment of the troops called out to suppress the Philadelphia riots, reported the same as committed. Mr. Gilder read in place, a bill relating to the duties of Coroners in the county of Philadelphia. Mr. Larkin, a bill to incorporate the Delaware County Turnpike Road Company.

Mr. Cooper then called up in Committee of the Whole, his bill, entitled an "act to reform the Judiciary," which proposes to introduce an intermediate Court of Appeal between the decisions of Courts of Common Pleas and the Supreme Court, to consist of seven intermediate Courts of appeal—three President Judges of Common Pleas to compose said tribunal, and appeal to be from their decision to the Supreme Court. The bill also reduces the number of Judges on the Supreme Bench to three, as their commissions expire. The bill passed Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Smith, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adverse to the petitions, asking that convicted felons may be made competent witnesses.

Mr. Smith, of Berks, from the Committee on Banks, reported with amendments, the Bills, severally, to extend the charter of the Bank of Chambersburg, and that of the Harrisburg Saving Institution.

Mr. Struthers, from the Committe to whom was referred certain petitions, asking that an investigation might be had into the affairs of the Lehigh County Bank, and that its charter might be avoided, made report that the same had been duly considered, that they found the charges groundless, and the charter good, there having been no fraud, but that owing to the excitement, and the subject, the stockholders desired to remove the Banking House to Mauch Chunk, for which purpose the Committee report a Bill.

IN SENATE, Tuesday March 4. Mr. Eyre, from the Committee on Corporations, reported against allowing the banks to issue notes of a less denomination than five dollaas.

The bill to form Blair county, which has been once defeated, and then reconsidered, was again defeated as before, by a tie vote—15 to 15. There is great interest felt in this bill, and it is probable another reconsideration may be obtained.

Resolutions in favor of the improvement of the Allegheny River by the General Government, were considered and passed.

IN THE HOUSE, it was Private Bill day.

HEALTH OFFICE, MARCH 1, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 22d February to the 1st March.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Aneurism of Aorta,	1	0	Brought over,	28	25
Albuminuria,	1	0	Hemorrhage,	1	1
Asphyxia,	1	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	6
Burns,	0	1	——Bronchi,	3	1
Croup,	0	4	——Lungs,	2	3
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	2	——Breast,	1	3
Convulsions,	0	6	——Pleura,	3	0
Diarrhœa,	1	0	Irritation of Brain,	1	0
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	2
——Head,	0	6	Measles,	0	2
——Breast,	1	0	Old Age,	6	0
——Kidneys,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Lungs,	1	0	Scrofula,	1	2
Epilepsy,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	0
Fracture of Skull,	1	0	Still Born,	0	6
Fever, Scarlet,	0	4	Unknown,	1	1
——Typhoid,	2	0	Whooping Cough,	0	2
Hernia,	1	0			
Carried over,	28	25	Total, 106—	51	55

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 4 from the country, and 17 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 23,	48	50	54
24,	46	50	56
25,	42	56	65
26,	44	54	56
27,	34	44	40
28,	38	41	47

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

630 shares	Wilmington R. R.	21a22
500 do.	Reading R. R.	25
491 do.	Girard Bank,	8¼
32 do.	Kensington Bank,	54½
30 do.	Mechanics Bank,	24¼
23 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	55½
1 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	264
$5300	Penna 5's,	73½
$10 000	Penna. 5's,	73¾
$16 000	Texas Bonds, 8's,	20
$2000	Texas Treasury Notes,	14
$500	Chesa. & Del. Canal Loan,	65½
$45	State 5's, ca,	71¼
$1000	Penna. 5's, cash,	74
$600	City 5's, 1870,	103½
$3000	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	39½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes nominal at $4. *Bark*—Nothing doing in quercitron, and prices unchanged, first No. 1 held at $21. *Coffee*—The market quiet, but holders are firm, with reduced stocks; we hear of no sales of moment from first hands. *Cotton* has been rather inactive during the last few days, and buyers holding off, sales are necessarily limited to about 200 bales Uplands and Mobile at 5½a6½c for ordinary to middling fair. *Fish*—There is a little more inquiry for mackerel, in anticipation of the opening of the canals, but no sales are making to alter rates. *Fruit*—Sales from store in small lots at former quotations. *Flour and Meal*—Since the close of last week the market has assumed rather more firmness, on account of the small stock of flour out of limits, and sales have been made to a very moderate extent at $4,25 for fair shipping brands; several factors are out of the market; we, however quote at this price, as some holders are still disposed to sell; sales to the retail trade at $4 25a4.50 for common and baker's, and $4,75a5 for extra brands. Corn meal quiet, last sales Pa. $2,18¾, Brandywine $2,43. Rye flour is scarce, and sales have been made at $3,25, which is an advance. *Grain*—No sales of wheat are reported; we quote prime reds at 95c. Rye is worth 65a66c. Corn—No arrivals; last sale southern yellow 44c. Oats dull, a cargo of Virginia is unsold, and only 26c offered. *Iron*—The market firm, with a fair demand, and dealers not anxious to make further contracts at the present rates. *Lead*—Sales at 4c on time. *Molasses*—Market for all descriptions firm, and prices well maintained; sales of 400 bbls New Orleans at 25c on time, and 100 hhds Porto Rico at a price not public, though at an advance on last sale. *Oils and Naval Stores* without alteration. *Provisions* are tolerably firm, though transactions are not large at the present rates; we quote mess pork $11,50a11,75, prime $9,75a10; hams 7½a8c; shoulders 4½a5c; butter dull; cheese 6½a7½c. *Rice* firm at the advance, sales 150a200 casks fair quality at equal to $3,50; we quote at $1,50a3.75 the 100 lbs. *Rheubarb*—A sale of 45 casks at 3to 6 mos. *Seeds*—Cloverseed is dull, sales at $3 75 a3.87½; we quote good parcels nominal at $4; flaxseed, we quote American at 130a135c, demand limited; timothy, sales at $1.75a2. *Sugar* meets with a steady demand, sales of 3a400 hhds New Orleans at 4¾a5½c on time, for ordinary to good quality; some holders are storing for better prices, about 150 hhds and 75 barrels Porto Rico sold on landing, part on private terms, and part at 7c 4 mos for prime. *Spirits*—Brandy, 50 pipes Bordeaux sold on the wharf at $1,80a1,85; *whiskey* is a little better; we quote hhds 20a21c; sales of bbls 21a21½c. 250 bales St. Jago *tobacco* sold on private terms.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 850 head of beef cattle, including 70 from Virginia, 260 cows and calves, 600 swine and 1130 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle were dull at $4,75a6 per 100 lbs, as in quality; 300 head were driven to New York. Cows and Calves—Sales of milch cows at $18 to 25; springers $10 to 18, and dry cows $5 to 8 each. Swine—Sales at $4,75 to 5 per 100 lbs. 100 head remain unsold. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of sheep at $1,25 to 3,75 each, as in quality. No lambs at market.

New York, March 3.—At market, 700 beef cattle, 400 from the south, 120 cows and calves, and 1000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—An active demand prevailed during the week, and an advance of full 25c per cwt obtained. We quote $4,75a5 for fair, and $5,50a6,25 for prime retailing sorts. Left over 125. Cows and Calves—All at market taken at $12a28. Sheep and Lambs—The market cleared at last week's quotations, which we continue. Hay—Sales at 62 to 68c per cwt, which is lower.

Baltimore, Feb. 28.—About 600 head were offered at the scales on Wednesday, most of which were disposed of to city butchers at $4a5,75 nett, according to quality. 90 head were driven north, and the balance left in the market unsold. Live hogs are plenty. A few sales have been making at $4.75a4.87½ per 100 lbs—demand not active. There are no dead hogs now in market.

Richmond, Feb. 27.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a4,75, according to quality. Mutton—2a3c gross; nett 4a6c, according to quality. Hogs—$5 per 100 lbs.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—It has been happily said that he who enriches himself and the world with the pearls of discovery, must plunge fearlessly and vigorously into the broad ocean of investigation. There is at least as much truth as poetry in the observation; and we may point to Sands' Sarsaparilla as a prominent illustration of its accuracy. Investigation and experiment vigorously and industriously pursued, have, under Providence, led to the production of this great specific, which has unquestionably proved a pearl of price to thousands on whom disease had laid its afflicting hand. Cancer, tumer, leprosy, scrofula, *salt rheum, dyspepsia, erysipelas, rheumatism,* ring worm, king's evil, hepatic affections of all kinds, mercurial ulcers, and every variety of diseases of the skin, the muscles, the tissues and the flesh—short of actual mortification—have been again and again cured by administering this inestimable compound.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

PLEURISY.—This dreadful complaint generally begins with chilliness and shivering, followed by heat, thirst and restlessness—to these succeed a violent pricking pain in one of the sides among the ribs, and which is generally most severe when the patient draws his breath.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a speedy and certain cure for the Pleurisy, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which, when lodged on the internal lining of the breast, are the cause of that acute and dangerous malady called Pleurisy.

In all ordinary cases, from four to eight of said Indian Vegetable Pills should be taken every night, or twelve hours, until all inflammation and pain is removed; after which, three or four pills taken once in twenty-four hours, will, in a short time, make a safe and effectual cure of the most violent attack of Pleurisy.

Caution to the Public.—The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are respectfully informed that I have a box of pills purchased from J. Hawes, Wheeling, which are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase at James Miller's Variety Store, or at the Office and General Depot, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 8th, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	30 dis
Girard do.	par
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk. Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middleton,	1 dis
Carlisle,	1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	¾ dis
" Post notes,	¾ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	1 dis
Chambersburg,	1 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2½ dis
" Demand notes,	2½ dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren Wash. Man. Co. Wayne county bank, Mer. and Planters',	Broken.
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsmouth Manf. Co.	do
Red Banks,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks no value.	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	2a2½ dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	50 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bran's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	3
Ocmulgee,	
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank.	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	6a7 dis
Small notes,	8a9 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

ALMANAC.

March, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
8 SATURDAY,	6 15	5 44	2 31	
9 SUNDAY,	6 14	5 45	3 4	D. H. M.
10 MONDAY,	6 13	5 47	3 39	
11 TUESDAY,	6 12	5 48	4 13	Last 1 5 13
12 WEDNESDAY,	6 11	5 49	4 50	New 8 1 36
13 THURSDAY,	6 9	5 51	5 51	First 15 8 52
14 FRIDAY,	6 8	5 52	6 18	Full 23 3 18
15 SATURDAY,	6 7	5 53	7 10	Last 30 12

Married,

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Jones, WM. CUDDY, of New York, to MARY A. ANTRIM, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE McDONALD, to Miss ADELAIDE MITCHELL, both of this city.

In this city, on the 21st December, by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. CORNELIUS B. MERCHANT, of New York city, to Miss ELLEN C. MELOY, of Reading, Buckscounty, Pa.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, in the North Presbyterian Church, Mr. HENRY CREW, to Miss ELEANOR JONES, daughter of William Jones, all of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. A. Tudehope, JAS. PARK, to CATHARINE McKAY, all of West Chester, Pa.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 2d inst. Mr. JACOB DINGAS, to Miss MARY A. BECK.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Harold, GODFREY M. RORIUS, of Philadelphia, to Miss HARRIET RAMBO, of Gloucester county, N. J.

At Baltimore, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. G. Hammer, Mr. WM. D. KEENE, to Miss ALBRINA BUCKINGHAM, both of that city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, THOMAS CALLAHAN, of Bristol, Pa. to ZIPPORAH, daughter of S. Blair, Esq. formerly of Germantown, Pa.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Mr. EDWARD POLLOCK, to Miss MARGARET FRAZIER KINNEAR, all of this city.

On the 11th of 1st month, at Amwell, Hunterdon co., N. J., DAVID EVANS, Jr. of Philadelphia, to CATHARINE B. SERVIS, of the former place.

On the 2d of January, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, WM. B. N. COZENS, to HENRIETTA MACKELLAR.

Died,

On the 3d inst. MARY MACPHERRAN, aged 91 years.

On the 4th inst. MARY C. wife of John Neagle.

On the 4th inst. CATHARINE, infant daughter of John and Catherine Farthing, aged 2 years.

On the 3d instant, GROVER, infant son of Wm. B. and Elizabeth Glenn, aged 3 months.

On the 3d inst. Mr. JOSEPH L. BOWKER.

On the 4th instant, after a severe and lingering illness, Mrs. JANE RUSSELL, in the 68th year of her age.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa. on the 24th ult. after a short and severe illness, Col. HENRY F. LAMB, aged 61 years.

On the 3d inst. DAVID GILBERT, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Mr. JAMES GALLAGHER.

On the 28th ult. at Roxborough, CHRISTIANA CARPENTER, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. JOHN NUGENT, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 3d inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. RACHEL MOWLAN, in the 83d year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Miss ELIZA PIERIE, daughter of Bass Otis, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 2d inst. after a short but severe illness, Mrs. SARAH HOFFMAN, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. JAMES B. PIERSON, a native of Scotland, in the 63d year of his age.

At Savannah, Ga., PETER WILEY, of this city, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. SARAH A. BOWMAN, in the 36th year of her age.

At Somerville, on the 1st inst. GEORGE H. REA, son of John Rea.

On the 2d inst. MARY A. MONTEY, of inflammation of the lungs.

At Trenton, N. J. on the 27th ult. the Rev. SAML. PETERS, after a lingering illness, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. EVELINE SNYDER, in the 33d year of her age.

At Frankford, on the 3d inst. MARY P. wife of Amos Thorp, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. HANNAH McKEAN, relict of the late Hon. Joe. B. McKean.

On the 1st inst. ELIZA ANN, wife of Chas. L. Parker, aged 44 years.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. RUTH HAYS, aged 71 years.

On the 2d inst. JOHN GOODMAN, aged 48 years.

On the 28th ult. JOHN B. CHAPMAN, in the 34th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. WM. CARSON, only son of Francis and Emily Hampton, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 27th ult. WM. TILESTON, a native of Boston, after a short but severe illness, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. HENRY BECK, in the 16th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. ELIZABETH, infant daughter of John W. and Elizabeth Taylor, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ANN STURGES, wife of Wm. E. Payran, in the 33d year of her age.

WHAT FAMILY WILL BE WITHOUT IT!
☞ *The January and February Numbers now ready for Delivery* ☜
GREAT NATIONAL WORK.
AGENTS WANTED.
READING FOR ALL!
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!
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SPRING FASHIONS.
THE SUBSCRIBER INFORMS HIS PATRONS and the trade generally, that his *Reports of Fashions* will be published between the 20th and 25th instant, at which time the *Fashion Plate* will be ready for delivery, which will be got up in a very superior style, containing seventeen figures, two of which will represent a front and back view of the new uniform worn by the "First company of State Fencibles," commanded by Colonel James Page. It will show the different styles of dress to be worn by ladies and gentlemen this Spring and Summer.
TERMS.—The *Reports of Fashions* $5,00, and the *Fashion Plates* $5,00, making $8.00 per annum for both. The Fashion Plate alone, with explanations, and a large pattern sheet, got up expressly for those who do not take the full Reports, at $4,00 per annum, or $2,50 for a single copy, invariably in advance.
The new patent will be published in the work, by which the "*upper point of side seam*" will be found with great exactness.
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1t* No. 211 Chesnut street.

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THE PULPIT CYCLOPAEDIA, AND CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S COMPANION.—Containing three hundred and sixty skeletons and sketches of sermons, and eighty-two essays on Biblical Learning, Theological studies, and the Composition and Delivery of sermons. By the Author of "Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons," "Christian's Daily Portion," and "Sermons for Family Reading." London Ed. of four vols., complete in one Royal 8vo., pp. 611 $2.50.
We have examined this new Homiletical work with more than usual care, the rather, as we distrust mere dry skeleton-helps for the Pulpit. The habitual or even frequent use of such as are in the hands of some of our divines, leaves their discourses after all their efforts to "clothe upon" them and impart to them life and freshness, too much like the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision—"*very dry.*" Few preachers, we apprehend, are able to use even the *Horæ Homileticæ* of the good *Simeon*, or the *Pulpit Assistant* of HANNAM, without finding them a real *pulpit hindrance.* A man of the least independence and freedom, after a dry experiment or two, lays them upon the highest or lowest shelf, with the exclamation of the youthful David in Saul's armor: "I cannot go with these." A skillful and free use of the sling and stone, with faith in the Lord of Hosts, were better.
The "*Pulpit Sketches*" of the first 400 pages of this CYCLOPAEDIA are not, however, for the most part, liable to the objections which lie against mere skeletons. They are most of them fresh and life-like. Many of them are characterized by the terse, vivid, and comprehensive condensation of Hall and Melville. They embody, in great purity, the very marrow of sound Christian doctrine, with the tone and unction of an evangelical spirit. They may be consulted with great profit by ministers of every Christian denomination. We recommend them also, specially, to heads of families. Besides the valuable Pulpit Sketches, this work is enriched by four series of essays, on *Theological Studies, the Composition and Delivery of Sermons, the Essential Characteristics of an efficient Ministry, Revivals, Pastoral Duties etc.* of the intellectual montage of such men as Chalmers, Wayland, Porter, Appleton, Sumner, Robert Hall, Doddridge, Adam Clarke, Bengo Collyer, Humphrey, the Abbe Bautain, Hopkins, Cecil, Daniel Wilson, James, Brownlee, Christian Oem and other theological Christian writers of eminence on both sides the water. This part of the *Pulpit Cyclopaedia* is in itself a library of the best papers extant upon Homiletics and Pastoral Divinity. On the whole, we have examined no Homiletical work at all comparable to this in variety, extent and richness of matter.
Just published by GEO. S. APPLETON,
Publisher and Importer of Foreign Books, 148 Chesnut street, between 6th and 7th streets, Philadelphia. 1t

FARM FOR SALE.
NEAR BYBERRY MEETING-HOUSE.
WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE, on the premises, on 2d day, 17th instant, at one o'clock P. M., the Farm, for many years occupied by David Comfort, in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, fifteen miles from the city, containing 50 acres, 5 of which are woodland, 6 of well watered meadow, the rest first quality farm land. The buildings consist of a two-story stone dwelling-house, with four rooms on a floor, besides attics and wash-house, a large milk-vault communicating with the well, ice-house ready filled; stone barn and stabling, good cow-shed, frame wagon-house, hen-house, &c. A never-failing well of water in the barn-yard. An excellent orchard of choice fruit, pears, cherries, plums, &c.
This property being of moderate size, situated in the midst of a beautiful and highly improved neighborhood, contiguous to places of worship, schools, mills, stores, &c., offers inducements to a purchaser seldom met with. Possession given on the first of next month.
If desired, a considerable part of the purchase money may remain secured on the premises in the usual way.
Further particulars and terms made known at the time of sale, by JESSE WEBSTER,
3d mo., 4th, 1845. (mar 8-2t*) Auctioneer.

SCARPA'S
ACOUSTIC OIL!
THE ONLY CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.
Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.
"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."
The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine:
"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."
And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:
"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."
Here is something worth attending to, coming, as does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:
"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.
Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.
READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!
From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.
West Troy, June 3, 1844.
This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twelve years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.
mar 8-eow1y WILLARD JENKS.
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AMERICAN HAIR DYE.

Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNG WIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Kate, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness at my brow;
My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now;
But ere my vision fadeth quite, e'er all of strength be o'er,
Oh! let me look into thy face, and press thy hand once more.

I would my latest glance should fall, on what I hold most dear;
But, ah!—thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.
Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping eye-lid's fringe,
Such tears of late have washed away, thy young cheek's ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home, to be an old man's bride,
Thou wert the altar where I laid, affection, joy, and pride;
My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with dimless power,
And kept its brightest glory rays, to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, where early friends had met,
And something filled thy farewell tone, that whispered of regret.
Oh! could I wonder, when you left warm spirit's like your own,
To dwell upon far distant earth, with age and wealth alone?

I gaze with holy fondness, on thy meek retiring eye,
Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's sky;
I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when they smiled,
And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a child.

But, oh! thy young and glowing heart could not respond to mine,
My whitened hairs seemed mocked by those rich sunny curls of thine;
And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith can be,
'Twas as the spring-flower, clinging round the winter-blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading fast—
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my last;
I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my falling word,
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love, has never lived in speech—
He worships as a devotee, the star he cannot reach;
He strives to mask his throbbing breast, and hide its burning glow;
But I have pierced the veil and seen the struggling heart below.

Nay, speak not, I alone have been, the selfish and unwise—
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young eyes will meet young eyes;
And when I saw his earnest glance, turn hopelessly away,
I thanked the hand of Time that gave me warning of decay.

I question not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy name,
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of blame.
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and secret truth;
I know he is a fitting one, to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have thee tell,
That he who bribed thee to his heart, has cherished thee right well.
I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove,
As grateful for the blessing held, as doting in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew branches wave,
And promise thou wilt come sometimes, to weed the old man's grave;
'Tis all I ask! I'm blind—I'm faint—take my parting breath—
I die within thy arms, my Kate, and feel no sting of death!

Selected Articles.

ROUGH PRACTICE.

A work, says the Boston Transcript, has recently been re-published in London, giving an account of a long residence in China, with a description of the manners, prejudices, and institutions in the Celestial Empire. The book is written by a learned Catholic Priest—Father Ripa—and was first published in Naples, being thought worthy of a careful translation. Many portions are intensely interesting, and full of instruction. We quote the father's curious account of the mode of treatment to which he was subjected by a Chinese surgeon, for a severe wound he received in his head, by a fall from his horse.

"When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but everything appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The Emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater, was so great and insufferable that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would staunch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in a short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation my head felt more free.

"A third operation was now performed, during which they made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and while thus walking he unexpectedly threw a bowl of cold freezing water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground, then assisted by two men he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. 'This,' said the Chinese Esculapius, 'by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been bent inwards.' The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days, I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary."

LIVE PEACEFULLY WITH ALL.

All are liable to err; and those who are the most guilty, are frequently the first to censure others. They who bear the least from friends, are most inclined to provoke. It would seem that men might learn wisdom from experience of the past, and labor to prevent unkind words, bickerings, and quarrels. When they see the misery that has been produced by "trifles light as air," they should form the resolution, never to use a harsh word, throw out a base insinuation, or show a revengeful look.

Mankind should live like members of one family, and labor to promote the welfare of each. Instead of picking out blemishes in your friends, and denouncing their proceedings, how much better to dwell on their virtues and kindness! If they unintentionally wrong you, instead of flaring up, and showing your spite with harsh words, or doing them an injury, reflect that they have done you many favors; how many times they have visited you in sickness, sympathized in your sorrow, and when they had a rarity, shared with you and your children! Reflecting thus, would disarm you of every unkind and revengeful feeling, and you could not find it in your heart to do them an injury. When the temper is roused, how common it is to forget past favors, and bring to mind every mole-hill difficulty, which, when in anger, rises to a mountain size, and then decides as passion and not reason dictates!

Live peacefully is not only a wise precept, but a sacred injunction. But this you never do, unless you strive to follow peace with all men. If you reflect upon and treasure up every harsh word, you will always be in trouble. If you pass over a little injury, and banish it from your mind, and return good for evil, there will be no trouble; you cannot be otherwise than good citizens and fast friends. How soon would earth resemble heaven, and every thing glow with the beauty and freshness of paradise, if mankind would banish anger and revenge from their bosom, and were determined to live peaceably and happy with their neighbors!

The Way of the World.—Shake hands with a shoe-black while your boots are dirty, and kick him with them as soon as they shine.

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A late number of the Dayton (Ohio) Transcript mentions the discovery made in that region of a most singular and extraordinary character, being a stream of water brought to light under peculiar circumstances, and to be seen in Delaware county, in Ohio, about seventeen miles north of Columbus, the seat of Government. The Transcript remarks that though it is one of the most novel and curious things in natural history, yet it has never before been made public or been known to the scientific world. It has heretofore entirely escaped the notice of scientific men from the fact of its being in an obscure place, and no account of it having ever been given in the public press. The facts of the case are as follows:

"Sometime about the year 1818, two men by the names of Davis and Richards, salt boilers by profession, commenced boring for salt water in the bed of the Sciota river, near the place mentioned. After having bored fifty feet through a solid rock, they came upon a stream of white sulphur water of the strangest kind. The auger with which they were boring suddenly sunk something like two feet, which is probably the depth of the stream—but such was the pressure of the water that the auger was forced up again and large weights had to be attached to it in order to keep it to its place and enable them to bore further. They continued to bore on, however, until they got about four hundred feet below the sulphur stream, when they struck upon salt water. The size of the auger was about two and a half inches in diameter. When they took it out the jet of sulphur water rose up to the height of twenty feet above the surface of the river. In order to obtain access to the salt water beneath, they procured a strong copper pipe and attempted to force it down to the place where it was to be found. But whenever it reached the sulphur stream, such was its force and pressure, that the pipe was completely flattened, so as entirely to prevent the passage of water through it. All subsequent attempts to insert a pipe proved abortive, and after prosecuting the work at intervals for several years, the project was entirely abandoned. After enlarging the orifice made by the auger at the top, a wooden stock twenty feet in height was inserted—yet even at the top of this, such was the force of the stream, that it required the strength of two or three men to put a plug in it. From this stock a pipe conveys the water to a spring-house on one of the bluff banks of the river. The stream has been running for twenty-six years—yet its strength and force are unabated. Those who have recently examined it say that it is capable of throwing up a stream ten inches in diameter and from eighty to ninety feet high—and that water can be thus obtained to turn a large mill.

"The whole matter lay in obscurity until a short time since, when our fellow-citizen, Mr. N. Hart, accidentally heard of the circumstance and bought the land upon which it is situated. It was from him that we learned the foregoing facts. The stream furnishes as good white suplur as is now known. It is strongly impregnated with gas, and possesses valuable medicinal properties. The place in which it is situated is in a fine healthy region, and the country round about is beautiful and rolling, and admirably adapted to fishing and hunting."

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SONG.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Air—*Talley Gaorram.*

When summer times were blythe and sweet,
And youth wi' flowers had crowned me,
And rosy hearts wi' fairy feet
Were gaily dancing round me,
As bonny night in joyfu' June
Abroad I chanc'd to wander,
Where breeze and leaf kept time and tune,
Like sighs when hearts grow fonder;
Thro' deep'ning shades and forests green
In musing mood while roaming,
I gat a blink o' two blue een,
Glancing in the gloaming.

The sparkling stream wi' merry sang
Went softly on beside me,
The blinking stars peep'd down amang
Green leaves that stoop'd to hide me;
The pale, sweet moon, wi' angel-face,
Beyond the hills was starting,
And linger'd still the crimson trace
Where day was fast departing;
But moon nor stars nor even's sheen,
Nor yet the brook's bright foaming,
Were half sae clear as those blue een
Glancing in the gloaming.

Oh, many a twilight sky since then
Has beam'd in mildness on me,
And many a sparkling eye I ken
That kindly looks upon me,
But ne'er to me sae blest a night
Has come wi' June's returning,
And ne'er have I sae fond a light
Seen since in rapture burning;
And, oh, the bard shall ne'er, I ween,
Forget thro' a' his roaming,
The joy that lit those bright blue een
Glancing in the gloaming.

Pioneer Life.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Our story will carry the reader back a little more than fifty years; when all north of the Ohio river was an almost unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side, a bold and hardy band from beyond the mountains, had built their log cabins and were trying to subdue the wilderness.

To them every hour was full of peril. The Inians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove or the rude log church, to hear the word of God, with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his parental home east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela river. He settled in Washington county, Pa., and became the Pastor of the Cross Creek and upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people.

Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents in cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack horses—was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt.

The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told that he must pay or leave his farm. Three year's salary was now due from the people.

For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hope of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregation were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed.

In despair they adjourned, to meet again the following week. In the meantime, it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them wheat on moderate terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill. Some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses to the mill.

In a month, word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, who will run the flour to New Orleans? This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate. Nearly all the way was a wilderness; and gloomy tales had been told of the treacherous Indian. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey, and came back no more.

Who then would endure the toil and brave the danger. None volunteered. The young shrunk back, and the middle-aged had their excuse. Their last scheme seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary-headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, arose, and to the astonishment of the assembly, said, "Here am I, send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around old father Smiley, to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor, he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants.

A day was appointed for starting. The young and old from far and near, from love to father Smiley, and their deepest interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head, came down from the church, fifteen miles, away to the back of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered by their pastor. A parting hymn was sung. "There," said the old Scotchman, "untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed, and no word came back from father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what had been his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came. The people came together for worship, and there on his rude bench before the preacher, composed and devout, sat father Smiley. After the services the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been rendered to God for his safe return, father Smiley arose and told his story; that the Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars per barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse, and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each a hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charges. He meekly replied that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused to receive till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money, there was found enough to pay what was due Mr. S; to advance him his salary for the year to come—to reward father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then to leave a large dividend for each contribution. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted, he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and the elder, I believe, have long reposed in the same church-yard, but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the past.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

Westernisms.

"HORSE ALLEN!"

This celebrated gentleman is a recognised "*hoss*" certainly, and we are told, rejoices at his cognommation as he did at his nomination for the chair gubernatorial, last election. He did not run well enough to reach the chair, though; it appears from his own account, that his *hoss* qualities "any how," tell considerably below those of the sure enough animal. This is his story—which he is very fond relating up by Palmyra.

"You see, boys, I came to the river, and found I had to swim. Had best clothes on and didn't know what to do! What river? Why Salt River—our Salt, here, in Missouri—infernal thing, always full when don't want it! Well, boys, you knows *hoss* Allen!—no back out in him, any how! Stripped to the skin, just tied clothes up in a bundle, strapped it on the critter's head, and 'cross we swam together. Well, don't you think while I was getting up the bank, the beast got away and started off with my clothes on his head! and the more I run and hollered, and 'whoad'd,' the more I couldn't catch the varmint! 'Way he'd go, and I arter—hot as Etna, too, all the way, and yaller flies about—and when I did get tol'ble near, he'd stop and look, cock his ears, and give a snuff as if he never smelt a man afore, and then streak it off again as if I was an Injun! Well, boys, all I had to do was to keep a follerin' on, and keep flies off, and I did, till we came to a slough, and, says I, now old feller, I got you, and I driv him in. Well, after all, do you know fellers, the infernal critter wouldn't *stick!* he went in and in, and by'm by came to a *deep* place, and swum right across—a fact, true as thunder! Well, you see, when I come to the deep place, I swum, too; and do you know that that varmint of a beast just naturally waited till I got out, and looked at me all over, and I could act'lly see him laffin'! and I *was* nasty enough to make a horse laugh, any how!

"Well, thinks I, old feller, reckon you have had fun enough with me *now*, so I gets some sticks and scrapes myself all over, and got tol'ble white again, and then begins to coax the varmint. Well, I 'whoa'd' and 'old boy'd' and cum up right civil to him, I tell ye, and he took it mighty condescendin' too; and just when I had him sure—hanged if he didn't go right back into the slough again, swum the deep place, walked out and stood on the other side waitin' for me.

"Well, by this time, the tormented yaller flies came at me, agin, and I just nat'rally went in after the blasted beast, and stood before him, on *t'other side just as nasty as before*—did, by thunder, boys! Well, he *laffed* again till he hearly shook the bundle off, and 'way he went, back agin, three miles, to the river, and then he just stopped dead and waited till I came up to him, and just kind a axed me to come and take hold of the bridel, and then gave a kick and a 'ruction and *went in* again, laffin' all the time, and, right in the middle, hang me, if he didn't shake my clothes off, and 'way they went, down stream, while he swum ashore, and I, just nat'rally, lay down on the bank and cussed all creation.

"Well, you see, boys, there I lays 'bove an hour, when I see a feller pullin' up stream in a skiff, a tryin' on a coat, and says I, stranger, see here, when you're done gettin' my coat on I'll thank you for *my shirt!* and the fellow sees how it was and pulls ashore and helps me. I tell you what, boys, you may talk of horse laughs, but when you want a good one, just think of *Hoss Allen!*"—*St. Louis Reveille.*

A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Once upon a time there lived in Cincinnati an odd genius named William Yards. Passing through the streets one day, he was attracted to a spot where a number of men were trying the powers of a new fire engine. Now it so happened that the person who conducted the pipe had an old grudge at Yards, and he immediately turned the pipe in the direction he stood, and gave him a complete drenching. Of course Bill was indignant, and he persuaded a police officer, who witnessed the transaction, to take the fellow at once before the Mayor.

"What is the charge against this man?" said the Mayor.

"Playing at Bill Yards, yer honor," said the officer.

"*Playing at billiards*, eh!—What, for money?"

"Why, no, I rather thinks as how it was done out o' spite."

"Ah! I see—to set the authorities at defiance. The statutes punish such acts by inflicting a heavy penalty. Is there any proof?"

Officer.—Why, in course, I seen him myself.

Mayor.—[To the prisoner]—Young man where's your tables.

Prisoner.—I an't got any.

Mayor.—That won't do—that's an evasion I shall fine you twenty dollars, and commit you until it is paid.

The prisoner paid the money, and Bill Yards, with the appearance of a drowned rat, walked up to the desk of his honor and said,

"Well, as I've had all the damage, I spose you will give me half the blunt."

"Who are you?"

"I am Bill Yards."

Mutual explanations followed, and Bill Yards and his pugnacious enemy settled their ancient feud over a couple of glasses of whiskey punch.

Our Scrap Book.

WHO CAN A MOTHER'S PLACE SUPPLY?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

There's not a mother's ardor in my kiss,
There's not a mother's fervor in my prayer;
The blankness of her look assures me this,
Though she my heart with my own infants share.
My blessing wants that deep harmonious tone
A mother's voice alone can lend impart,
When breathing for her child at mercy's throne,
The inspiration of a pious heart.
My words fall on her unregardful ear,
Though fraught with tenderness, without effect;
Nay, even when I shed compassion's tear
For her, she treats it with a cold neglect;
Yet is she not UNGRATEFUL, but her breast
Is thronged with mem'ries of delicious days,
When her own mother's lips so fondly pressed
Hers, mingling kisses with her prayers and praise.
What was so natural in her, in me
I feel is effort, which I'd fain conceal;
But who can cheat affection's scrutiny,
Or hide the thoughts our looks, our words reveal?
The child! the mother! union divine!
Oh! love most chaste, most beautiful to see!
Poor orphan! Death did ruthlessly entwine
The loveliest links that bound humanity,
When he thy mother took—thy steadfast friend—
The bright light kindled to illume thy way
Oh! never more affection now may lend
On earth for thee such a celestial ray!
Yet, for that mother's sake, my gentle niece,
Reject not that which I can offer thee;
Let not, oh! let not all love's radiance cease,
Though dimmed the effulgence of maternity.

☞ A young man applied for the benefit of the bankrupt act, and upon being asked how much he owed, he said he reckoned about $500,000, as he saw they charged a man $10 for kissing a married woman in Ohio, and if the price was as high here for kissing girls, he must be in debt about half a million.

☞ Deacon H., used to say his wife had a certain recipe for testing the quality of Indigo. It was to fill a milk pan with pure cold water, and to sift a little Indigo on the surface; if the indigo was good, it would either sink or swim—*she couldn't tell which.*

☞ Mr. B., did you say or did you not say what I said you said, because C. said you said you never said what I said you said you said; now if you said you did not say what I said you said you said, then what did you say?

☞ An Albany barber, having a very intemperate man to shave on a Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offence to have a *rum hole* open on the Sabbath.

☞ When you see a man trying to mend a pen with a hoe, you are at liberty to conclude either that the hoe is very sharp, or the man is very dull.

IT SPOILS A MAN TO MARRY HIM.

Believe, dear girls this maxim true,
In precept and in practice too,
That it spoils a man to marry him!
The creatures never ought to go
Beyond a honey moon or so,
If they survive that, they will show
That it spoils a man to marry him.

When first he kneels before your feet,
How soft his words! his looks how sweet!
But it spoils a man to marry him;
When once a late consent he'll wring,
And get your fingers in the ring;
Oh! then he's quite another thing;
It spoils a man to marry him.

Have you a fancy? you must drop it;
A will it may be? you must lop it,
Before you think of marrying;
And even if you venture then,
Select the very worst of men;
If not nine chances out of ten,
'Twill spoil the wretch to marry him.

On Dits.—"You'll split my sides," as the oak tree said to the flash of lightning.

"I'll stick to you," as the treacle said to the fly.

"I'm dreadfully cut up," as the crimpled cod said to the fish-monger.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge-hammer.

"You're too hard upon me," as the corn said to the tight boot.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the dog.

Anecdote.—Moro, Duke of Milan, having displayed before the Foreign Ambassadors his magnificence and riches, which excelled those of every other prince, said to them, "Has a man, possessed of so much wealth and prosperity, anything to desire in this world?" "One thing only," said one of them, "a nail to fix the wheel of fortune."

☞ A brazen faced barrister, having failed in all his endeavors to confuse a young and handsome witness, at last said—"Miss, upon my word you are very pretty." The young lady very promptly replied—"I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on my oath."

☞ "John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation, and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir, attraction of *gravitation* pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of *cohesion* prevents him from getting up again."

☞ The Norfolk people brag on their oysters. They lately sent one to Baltimore, the shell of which measured nine and a half inches in length and seven in breadth. How many such do they reckon to make a "plate full?"

Strange Mode of Living.—A down east editor copies a popular story in his columns, and heads it, "Living on other People's Beans." It is shrewdly conjectured that he intended to say "Other People's Means."

☞ Mr. George Sharp looking rather dull one evening, a friend observed that he was in rather low key. "Oh," replied a young lady, sarcastically, any one can see that G. Sharp is A flat!"

The Eastern World.

EGYPTIAN BRIDES.

[This and the following extracts are taken from a clever and very interesting book just published by Zieber & Co., entitled "The Englishwoman in Egypt."]

Among the lower orders, some of the husbands are sad tyrants. The fact is, that the men foolishly marry such little young creatures, they are more like their children than their wives, and their inexperience unjustly provokes their husbands. While on this subject, it occurs to me to tell you that Deborah has a most refractory grand-daughter, who is certainly the plague of her life. This child is in the habit of reviling the neighbors' servants; and a few days since she used abusive language to a man who was sitting in his master's doorway. The door-keeper was exceedingly provoked, and at once retorted, "When I have a little more money, I will marry you, and punish you every day." This manner of revenge is something really new to us Europeans.

Last week, a little bride was paraded through the streets in our neighborhood, whose age could scarcely have exceeded ten years. Thinking the procession, and the whole affair, an exceedingly good joke, she was impatient of control; and instead of walking under the canopy, and submitting to march between two of her female friends, preceded by a woman fanning her, she insisted upon walking backwards before the former, and fanning them herself. This will give you some idea of the mere children who are married here.

EGYPTIAN PLAGUES.

I mentioned to you some time since that such a calamity was dreaded, and it has in some measure arrived. At El-Mansoorah, the cases of plague have not been few; and while on this subject I must tell you an extraordinary fact, which will show you that it is even possible to extract sweet from one of the bitterest of human draughts. Some Russians have been at El-Mansoorah for the purpose of studying the disease. As a means of discovering whether it be contagious or not, they have employed persons to wear the shirts of the dead, and paid them five piastres a day for so doing. This was a considerable salary, being equal to a shilling per day! Now when the poor of this country consider half a piastre per day a sufficient allowance for each person, and maintain themselves well, in their own opinion, on this trifling sum, you can conceive how charmed they might be with the liberal offers of these Russian gentlemen, were it not for the risk they incurred. Risk, however, they did not imagine. The poor flocked to the physicians from all parts of the town, and *entreated* to be permitted to wear the plague-shirts. One old man urged his request, saying, "I am a poor old man, with a family to maintain; do not refuse me; by your life, let me wear a shirt." The women crowded round the house where their imagined benefactors had taken up their quarters, to bless them for having undertaken to support them, their husbands, and their children; and when the chief of those adventurous gentlemen found the dwelling thus surrounded, he walked forth among them, and, taking off his hat, made a courteous low bow to his dark eyed visiters whereupon they made the air resound with the shrill zagbareet, or cries of joy.

Not one of the shirt-wearers died, although the physicians after a short time (during which they awaited the result of their experiment) had recourse to heating the shirts to sixty degrees Reaumur. Still the poor peasants lived, and throve on their good fate; but one of the physicians died. How he took the disorder is, of course, a subject for controversy, but that the shirt-wearers escaped, is a great triumph to the non-contagionists of Cairo; and from all we can learn, the best informed are of this party.

It is a singular and sad fact, that during our few months sojourn here this country has been visited by three of its peculiar plagues—murrain, boils and blains (or common pestilence,) and locusts. The first has destroyed cattle to an almost incredible amount of value; the second has not been so severe as it usually is; but the locusts are still fearfully eating the fruits of the ground. In the gardens of Ibraheem Pasha and others, the peasants are employed to drive them away by throwing stones, screaming, beating drums, &c.

A TRICK.

I must add to this letter an account of a shameful and very ridiculous imposition which was practised upon us a fortnight ago. A poor old man who had for some time filled the situation of doorkeeper to our quarter, had long been ill, and had been assisted by several gentlemen in procuring some necessary comforts. One day my brother received a letter from the Sheykh of the quarter, telling him that poor Mohammad, the doorkeeper, had received mercy at the sixth hour of the preceding night, and expressing a hope that he would give them the price of his shroud. My brother, accordingly, sent one of his servants to the house of Mohammad, where he found his body laid out, a washer of the dead attending, and his wife apparently in great distress on account of her loss. She returned the most grateful acknowledgements for the bounty which was sent to aid in enabling her to bury her poor husband; and after a while the affair passed from our recollection (we never having seen the poor man,) or if remembered, it was only to inquire who would supply his place.

The old woman removed to another house a few days after; and a maid servant of ours, on passing by chance her new dwelling, was surprised to the last degree to see the late door-keeper sitting within its threshold. "What," exclaimed she, "my uncle Mohammad alive, and well!" "Praise be to God," he answered, "I am well, and have lived on the bounty of your master, the Efendee; but, by your life, my daughter, do not tell him that I am alive." The old man, I should here tell you, is no relation of the maid's; this being one of the usual modes of address among the lower orders. The maid promised his existence should continue a secret; but she found on her return home it was impossible to keep her word, and the quarrel which ensued between her and the servant who conveyed the money for the shroud (both believing their own eyes) was as violent as that between Haroon Er-Rasheed and his wife Zubeydeh, or rather that between their two emissaries, on the subject of Abu-l-Hasan the wag.

Snake Charmers.—You have doubtless read many accounts of the feats of Eastern snake-charmers, and wondered at their skill. Very lately, a friend of ours witnessed an instance of the fascination, or rather attraction, possessed by one of these people. He was in the house of an acquaintance when the charmer arrived, who, after a little whistling, and other absurd preliminaries, invoked the snake thus: "I conjure thee, by our Lord Soleymán" (that is, Solomon, the son of David,) "who ruled over mankind and the Ján" (or Genii;) "if thou be obedient, come to me; and if thou be disobedient, do not hurt me!" After a short pause, a snake descended from a crevice in the wall of the room, and approached the man, who secured it. No other snake appearing, it was decided that the house was cleared, and our friend requested the snake-charmer to accompany him to his own house. He did so, and invoked the snakes in the same words. The invocation was attended by the same result: a snake descended, and in the same manner resigned itself to the serpent-charmer.

The Olio.

A PARODY---SONG OF THE PIPE.

BY TOM THUMB'S GRANDPA.

With pipe-bowl massive and large,
With pipe-stem blackened and broke,
A loafer sat in a loafer like style,
Lazily puffing the smoke.
Puff! puff! puff!
His wife was as poor as a snipe,
But her tongue being limber enough,
She sang the song of the Pipe.

Smoke! smoke! smoke!
While I am weary and worn!
And smoke—smoke—smoke—
My gown all tattered and torn!
I'd lief to be the wife
Of an idle, barbarous Turk—
Their slaves have never a harder life,
Than the wives of those that smoke!

Smoke—smoke—smoke,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Smoke—smoke—smoke,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Noon, and morning, and night,
Night, and morning, and noon,
Till into your garments the stench has passed—
And you will be bacon soon!

Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men, with daughters and wives!
'Tis not tobacco you're smoking out,
But patience, and *their* lives!
Spit—spit—spit,
On parlor-floor, kitchen and hearth,
Puffing your whiffs in your children's eyes—
You're the nastiest men on earth!

Puff—puff—puff!
Your smoking never flags;
And what are its wages? A filthy house,
A haunt of filthy wags;
That smoke-stained roof—and this littered floor—
That loafer, with uncombed hair,
With face so black, I turn my back,
Ashamed to be looking there!

Smoke—smoke—smoke!
From weary chime to chime;
Smoke—smoke—smoke,
As if resting were a crime!
Night, and morning, and noon,
Noon, and morning, and night,
Till my heart is sick, and my patience gone,
And I wish you out of my sight!

Smoke—smoke—smoke,
In dull December light;
And smoke—smoke—smoke,
When the weather is warm and bright:
While over the mantle-piece
Tobacco-boxes swing,
As if to taint, with their sick'ning stench,
The balmy air of Spring.

Oh! thus to breathe the breath
Of a smoker and chewer, too,
With the *juice* upon your teeth—
And not a whit care you.
Oh! only once again
To feel as I *used* to feel,
Before I kissed your nasty lips—
The *thought* now costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
A leisure blest from smoke and filth,
A moment's rest from grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed,
My tears'll choke, for still you smoke,
And mean to till you're dead.

With pipe-bowl massive and large,
With pipe-stem blackened and broke,
A loafer sat in a loaferish style,
Lazily puffing the smoke—
Puff! puff! puff!
His wife was as poor as a snipe,
But still with a voice of dolorous tone,
(Would that tobacco were used by none,)
She sang the song of the pipe.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

There are many ways of reaching the goal of happiness. Some are happy in chewing tobacco, and expectorating over everything in their own way—others delight in running through rains and blasts, to midnight conflagrations—others again are happy at the gaming table; then there are many who are transported at being able to render their fellow creatures miserable, by what are termed pratical jokes. Some are overjoyed to be able to nail a coat to the wall, or a pair of boots to the floor; or to tie one's pedals to the bedpost. These delights are animal—just as the monkeys in a menagerie are pleased at pulling each other's tails when a joke comes unsolicited, it is right to be enjoyed. A young man, lodging in a well-filled boarding house, was last week troubled with the tooth-ache. His face was very much swelled, and he asked a fellow boarder for a remedy.

"Hops will reduce the swelling."

"Will they—well I'll try to-night."

About midnight every nightcap in the house was aroused by a noise of a very peculiar character in the verdant gentleman's room. The noise continued for an hour, when a committee of two was appointed to ascertain the meaning of the racket. They accordingly sought the room, opened the door and discovered the man with the swelled face hopping over a small stool.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful are you about?" exclaimed one of the committee.

"Applying a remedy for my swelled face," was the reply of the puffing, perspiring patient.

"How! a remedy?"

"Yes. Mr. —— told me that hops would cure me, and I have been hopping ever since bed time."

The true meaning of the prescription was told to him, and he suddenly retired, leaving the inmates of the house to slumber in quiet.—*Noah's Messenger.*

MIND VS. BODY.

In Wigan's very curious work upon the "Duality of the brain," the following authentic and interesting anecdote is related of Wm. Pitt:

"Never did man go so near to destroy the intellect of his son by over excitement as that arrogant, unreasonable, imperious, and much-overrated man, the great Earl of Chatham, as he is called. 'Courage, my son,' said he, in one of his letters, when the poor lad was complaining of the enormous variety of topics urged on his attention; 'courage, my boy, remember there is only the Cyclopædia to learn.' Wm. Pitt was very near falling a sacrifice to his father's ambition. Great as were his talents, I do not doubt that they would have been much greater had they been more slowly cultivated, and he might then have attained the ordinary term of human life, instead of his brain wearing out his body at so early an age. To see him, as I have done, come into Bellamy's, after the excitement of the debate, in a state of collapse, that with his uncouth countenance gave the air of insanity, swallow a steak without mastication, and drink a bottle of port wine almost at a draught, and be then barely wound up to the level of ordinary impulse—repeat this process twice, or, I believe, even three times in the course of the night—was a frightful example of over-cultivation of brain before it had attained its full development. So much had its excitability been exhausted by premature and excessive moral stimuli, that when his ambition was sated, it was incapable of even keeping itself in action without the physical stimulants I have spoken of. Men called the sad exhibition the triumph of mind over matter; I call it the contest of brain and body, where victory is obtained at the sacrifice of life."

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.

Hear the wag Punch talk upon the "statistics of drunkenness:"

A very curious document has been lately drawn up on *the origin, causes, results, metaphysics, philosophy, and physiology of drunkenness.* One of the most curious chapters is that which contains a table of the various circumstances to which inebriety may be attributed. The report divides intoxication into several heads, including the muzzy, which is a sort of minor branch. Among the muzzy, six cases out of ten may be traced to spasms, and that one-nineteenth arises from birth-days; that among confidential clerks inebriety is rare, but when it occurs, pickled salmon, or the arrival of a friend from the country, are found to be the most usual causes of the malady.

Drunkenness has also been known to arise in some instances from taking up a bill; but as the latter is an operation which persons given to intoxication seldom perform, the number of cases to be attributed to this source is very insignificant. A wife's birth day has often been known to lead to a total prostration of the husband; but it is a remarkable fact, that the day is frequently mistaken in these instances, and such is the power of imagination, that a man has been known to drop down into the gutter eight or nine times in a year, through having fancied that the birth-day of his wife occurred repeatedly in the course of a twelvemonth.

SINGULAR SWISS CUSTOM.

In the large towns the children of similar age and sex are gathered together by their parents in little societies called *societies des dimanches.* These little clubs are composed of twelve or fourteen children, selected by the parents with a view to their adaptedness to amuse and benefit each other. They meet in turn at the houses of the different parents every Sabbath evening. Their nurses are with them, and the time is spent in amusements common to children. As they grow older these amusements are combined with instruction. This kind of intimacy creates friendships which last long after they are dispersed and scattered over the world, and even through life. Girls thus linked together in childhood retain their affection in maturer life, and even in womanhood distinguish each other by the tender appellations of "*ma mignonne*," "*mon cœur*," "*mon ange.*" This is one great reason why the Swiss society is so exclusive, and it is so difficult for a stranger to press beyond its mere formalities. The rank of the husband in Switzerland depends altogether upon that of his wife. Immediately on their marriage he steps into her rank, be it above or below that which he formerly occupied.—*Correspondence New York Observer.*

Chinese Diplomatic Style.—The following letter from Commissioner Ching, acknowledging the receipt of a letter from the President to the Brother of the sun, was addressed to Mr. Cushing.

To His Excellency, C. Cushing:

I have to communicate that a translation in Chinese of the letter of the President of your honorable nation has been forwarded by Pwan, the Circuit Judge, the sentiments of which are superlatively beautiful, assuredly, both as to the perspicuous translation in Chinese, and also as to the original letter, full of thought and elegant expressions. When I, the Minister, opened and perused them, I could not restrain my spirit from delight, and my heart from dilating with joy.

Beside, still agreeably to the former deliberations, taking the copy of the Chinese translation of the letter and appending it to the original letter, and in your behalf transmitting it to the Emperor, I also send this letter in reply, commending your tranquility and goodness.

There are other affairs not yet attended to.

Signed, (in Tartar,) "Tsiyeng writes."

Taou Kwang, 24th year, 5th month, 25th day.—(July 9, 1844.)

A Benevolent Lunatic.—The following singular case is related in the last number of the Journal of Insanity by Dr. Pliny Earle:

"An insane lady, in the middle age of life, a peaceable, quiet creature, with a heart overflowing with 'the milk of human kindness,' occupied a room in an asylum. She had a large quarto bible, which, when she was not reading from it, laid upon the table. One morning I was somewhat surprised on finding her seated in an arm chair, the table in her lap, and the bible on the floor. Asking her the cause of this new arrangement, she told me that 'table was *so tired* with holding the bible that she was *lending it*,' for the purpose of giving it some relief. This process was often repeated afterwards, and the benevolence that prompted it soon extended to the bedstead, to which she frequently gave opportunities of 'rest,' by holding up, for hours in succession, the corners of the bed and the superincumbent clothing. This may appear like burlesque or caricature, but it is not intended as such; for truly, if ever an act of kindness were induced by the pure spirit of affection, I believe such was the fact with those just related."

The Schoolmaster.—There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.—*Channing.*

Old Jarvis.—The New Orleans Picayune says, that when old Jarvis, the portrait painter, was last in that city, one of our three weeks winter rains annoyed him very much. He was boarding at the Planter's Hotel. One gloomy morning the old wag came to breakfast in a mood quite natural in such weather. He was eating his breakfast with a very discontented air, when one of the company ventured to observe—

"Fine weather this morning, Mr. Jarvis, for young ducks."

"Yes," growled Jarvis, still eating his buckwheat cakes; "but they must be very young ducks, or they'd fly away from this."

"It is dirty weather, indeed," remarked his companion.

"Dirty! yes, every thing is dirty—table-cloth, dishes, knives, forks, aprons;—and there comes Dick with more cakes—he's dirty, too. Now I'll bet you two to one that if you were to pick Dick up and throw him against the wall, he'd *stick!*"

Cotton Carpets.—These hard times have put people to many economical shifts, and these shifts in turn have put folks to inconvenience. No longer than last week a gentleman who had been for several months courting a lady for her fortune (?) withdrew. The girl was astonished, but not so, her mother. The good woman thinking he was a mercenary, bought a cotton wove carpet, and spent one whole evening in talking to her daughter's lover about the "hard times," in illustration of which she pointed to her cotton carpet. "Nuff ced." The gentleman was off!

"Mother," was the young girl's question—"what is the reason Mr. R. has forsaken me?"

"My dear, he is poor himself, and of course (pointing to the carpet) he makes no *advances* upon cotton."

Moderate Charges.—Mr. Polk's bill at the public house in Cincinnati, during the few hours he was in that city, was only one hundred dollars, says the Cincinnati Republican. A morning paper says, this reminds us of an incident in the life of Napoleon. He had dined somewhere in an obscure place, where he could get little else than eggs. When the bill was brought to him, to his surprise he found that the eggs were set down at a Napoleon a piece. "What," exclaimed the Emperor, "are eggs so scarce in this part of the country, that you charge for them such an enormous price?" "No sire," replied the inn-keeper, "but Emperors are!"

A Conversation in a Grocery.—Mynheer Von Schmitz, if I may be allowed the question, how long have you been married?

"Yaw, dat ish, you shall say how long time ish it when I says to te minister dat I shall pelong to mine vrow and tell me no questions?"

"Yes, that is what I mean; which is the same as asking how long have you been married."

"Vell, dish is a thing vot I seldom don't like to tinks apout, but ven I does; it seems to be so long as never was."

Ingenious Case of Smuggling.—A person at Dover smuggled 3,000 pair of French gloves. He sent all the right hand gloves to London. They were seized and sold. Nobody would buy right hand gloves, who had not the left hand gloves. The smuggler therefore bought them for a mere trifle. Having purchased the right hand gloves he sent the 3,000 left hand gloves to London. They were also seized, sold, and of course bought by him for a price next to nothing. Thus he became possessor of them though contraband according to law, and as a smuggler would say, in an honest way.

Roman Pride.—A noble Roman family still boasts the name of, and claims to descend from, Sallust! When the late Emperor of Austria visited Rome, the head of that illustrious house being presented to him, the following dialogue took place between the modern Cæsar and the modern Sallust:—"They say you are descended from Sallust,—is it true?" "They have been saying so for now nearly nineteen centuries, Sire, and it is time to begin to believe it!"

☞ Everybody has heard of "Day and Martin's Blacking." As an illustration of the profits of blacking making, and the extent of the business of the parties, it may be mentioned that the executors of Day & Martin have, under an order of the Master of the Rolls, to pay £1,000 a year out of the *profits* of the business to various legatees. Mr Martin also bequeathed £100,000 to a Blind Asylum.

Human Life.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

Requisites.—There are five requisites for a professed drunkard:—a face of brass—nerves of steel—lungs of leather—heart of stone, and an Incombustible liver.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected;—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

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READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE

The following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr Jayne, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by John Knox, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

Pittsburg, Oct. 30, 1843.

Mr. A. Jaynes:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, and she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents,) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her expectorate, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to draw her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked, her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and Vermifuge. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her all over but mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a teaspoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and thin like dirty water before we gave her your medicines. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841 '2, and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected, and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her expectorate.

You may do what you think proper with this statement as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect,
JOHN KNOX, Printer, Pittsburg.
june 17-1y

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

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FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, AND SLATE LINED REFRIGERATORS, WATER FILTERS, &c.
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No. 76 South Third Street, opposite Philada. Exchange,

Manufacture a large assortment of David Evans' Patent Air-tight Fire and Thief Proof Chests, for preserving Books, Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Silver Plate, Jewelry, Gold, Silver, &c. &c., made in all instances without wood or plaster, as 95 out of 100 Fire Proof Chests (so called) now in use, and made for sale, are mere Plank Boxes, covered with thin sheet iron, with common locks, at once shows the utility of having an article that may be depended on.

A Letter from Dr. Thos. P. Jones, of Washington, editor of the Franklin Journal, concerning Air-tight Chests.

Washington, May 25, 1844.

David Evans—Sir: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say that if your Safes and Chests are air-tight, the air itself being one of the best non-conductors of heat, is superior to any filling you can use. The only advantage derived from Asbestos or other non-combustible materials, is to prevent the crushing in of the sides of the chest, when highly heated; but for protecting the interior, they are not equal to air. Yours, respectfully, THOS. P. JONES.

All our Chests are made of Boiler Iron, with iron frames riveted through and through so strongly, that the falling in of no building can possibly mash the sides in; and the space between being hollow and air-tight, gives them advantages over all Chests filled in between, as they will keep the contents inside in a perfect dry state when in case no dampness can strike through the air-tight chambers, and will last ten times as long and keep in good order. D. Evans' Patent Refrigerators, lined with Slate, being inspected and tried by judges, are pronounced the best and sweetest for Provisions, such as Butter, Meats, Milk, &c., now in use, of which a general assortment is always kept on hand, either with or without Water Filters attached.

Water and Provision Coolers, Seal and Copying Presses, also David Evans' celebrated Hoisting Machine. Together with plain and ornamental Iron Railing; Fire Proof Doors, (David Evans' Patent Locks thereto,) for Banks, Stores, &c.

N. B.—A liberal deduction will be made on any of the above articles purchased to be sold again. aug 31-1y

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Since the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office; I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, as thick as at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
GEORGE W. EATON
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

We publish the following letter from a source of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is as all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 10, 1843.

Dear Sir, You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm. I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.
Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. june 17-1y

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, THE GREAT PANACEA FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND BREAST.

Of
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medicines
of the day, and
there are a great variety
which profess to be
of great value to the human
family, we hesitate not to pronounce *Doctor Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry* as one of the greatest discoveries of modern science, of all the many compounds put forth for the cure of diseases which afflict human nature, not one remedy can be named, which has in so short a space of time, acquired such unbounded confidence with the public, and has performed such miraculous cures, and which
has merited and received so much eulogium from the faculty and others,
as this justly celebrated remedy. Daily we learn from
sources of respectability, that cures
have been
affected
in
Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Side and Breast, Rising or Tickling in the Throat, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Debility, Broken Constitution, from the abuse of calomel and other causes and

☞CONSUMPTION,☜

which has baffled the skill of eminent medical practitioners, when invalids were given up as hopeless, by having recourse to, and persevering in that powerful remedy have been radically cured. There is now in the hands of the proprietor numerous certificates of cures which would astonish credulity itself were they made known to the world. To those who are afflicted with the above diseases we say give this medicine a fair trial, you will then be convinced this is no *miserable compound*, but a safe and powerful remedy, and that its curative powers stand alone and *equalled* by none.

CAUTION.—From the great popularity of this medicine, persons have been induced to offer a spurious article with name of Wild Cherry attached. Therefore be cautious to ask for the original and *only genuine* preparation from this valuable tree.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, Principal office N. W. corner of 8th and Race sts., Philadelphia.

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JAYNE'S LIFE PRESERVATIVE.

AN ALTERATIVE and DEPURATIVE PREPARATION, combining all the medicinal virtues of those articles, which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and depurent properties, for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, White Swellings, Ulcers, Scrofulous, Cancerous and Indolent TUMORS, Rheumatism, Gout, Scurvy, Neuralgia, or Tic-Doloureux, CANCER, GOITRE, or Bronchocele, (Swelled Neck,) ENLARGEMENTS of the Bones, Joints or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c., &c. All the various DISEASES of the SKIN, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Biles, Pimples, Carbuncles, &c., &c. Dropsical Swellings, Constitutional Disorders, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPURE state of the BLOOD or other fluids of the body.

The proprietor of the Life Preservative would most respectfully assure the public that he has not offered this preparation to their notice, without due reflection and close and rigid study, nor until after twelve years' experience had manifested its great superiority over every other article of the kind, and he now recommends it with confidence, fully believing that the above combination of medicine, will effectually eradicate from the system a class of diseases, some of which have heretofore been considered incurable.

He has prescribed it in almost every variety of disease and with unparalleled success, especially in Cutaneous affections, Cancerous, Scrofulous and Scorbutic diseases, and diseases originating from obstruction or enlargement of the Glands or impurity of the Blood.

CANCER and CANCEROUS TUMORS.—He has used this preparation in twenty-one well defined cases of Cancer and Cancerous Tumors, and in every case but one with perfect and entire success.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE, (Swelled Neck.)—He has prescribed the Life Preservative in upwards of sixty cases of Goitre and it never failed in a single instance to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of failure. All were cured.

The success he has met with in curing Bronchocele and Cancerous affections has convinced him that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. He does not wish to be understood as saying that they can be cured as soon as Fever and Ague, but with as much certainty, and further that he has good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it destroys the virus or poisonous principle lurking in the system from which that peculiar class of diseases as well also as that of Scrofula emanate.

SCROFULA—KING'S EVIL.—The Life Preservative has been used in numerous cases of Scrofula, King's Evil and Scrofulous Swellings, with the most decided success.

SKIN DISEASES.—He has prescribed it in a great variety of Cutaneous affections and found it successful in curing Salt-Rheum, or Tetter, Biles, Blotches, Pimples, Morphew, and Jaundiced Skin, &c.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—It has been used in numerous cases of Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and with the happiest effect.

TIC DOLOUREAUX.—It has been used in only three cases of Neuralgia or Tic-Doloureux, but was successful in every case.

GOUT.—Three cases of Gout have been cured by this preparation. In one of these cases the man had been afflicted with it so severely for thirteen years as to entirely disable him from business, and for five months immediately previous to his taking the Life Preservative had been confined to his room, but before he had finished the third bottle, he was enabled to walk about the streets, and soon after returned to business, from which he had been so long deprived by his afflictions.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the powers of digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which watery or Calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains and nervous affections.

In fact in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1—where also may be had all of Dr. Jayne's valuable Family Medicines.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

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